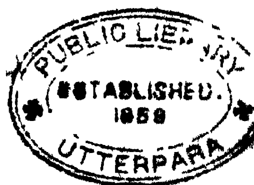
POEMS

BY TWO BROTHERS



'Hæc nos novimus esse nihil'—MARTIAL

London
MACMILLAN AND CO.
AND NEW YORK
1893

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PREFACE

WITH regard to the text and arrangement of pages, this is a facsimile edition of the *Poems by Two Brothers*, 1827 It is requested that none of the poems in this volume said to be by my father and consequently signed A T, be included in any future edition of his Works, as my uncle, Frederick Tennyson, cannot be certain of the authorship of every poem, and as the handwriting of the manuscript is known not to be a sure guide.

The Additional Poems at the end form part of the original manuscript of 1827, and were omitted for some forgotten reason.

My father writes, "The Preface states 'written from 15 to 18.' I was between 15 and 17, Charles between 15 and 18."

The following is from Frederick Tennyson, and explains itself: "I return you the Poems, with which I have been greatly interested, as I did not expect to find them so good as they really are. The initials are right as appended to my four poems, but *I cannot be sure of the others.*"

TENNYSON.

1893.

POEMS,

BY TWO BROTHERS.

"HÆC NOS NOVIMUS ESSE NIHIL."---*Martial.*

LONDON:

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ADVERTISEMENT

THE following Poems were written from the ages of fifteen to eighteen, not conjointly, but individually; which may account for their difference of style and matter. To light upon any novel combination of images, or to open any vein of sparkling thought untouched before, were no easy task: indeed the remark itself is as old as the truth is clear; and, no doubt, if submitted to the microscopic eye of periodical Criticism, a long list of inaccuracies and imitations would result from the investigation. But so it is: we have passed the Rubicon, and we leave the rest to fate; though its edict may create a fruitless regret that we ever emerged from "the shade," and courted notoriety.

March, 1827.

'Tis sweet to lead from stage to stage,
Like infancy to a maturer age,
The fleeting thoughts that crowd quick Fancy's view,
And the coy image into form to woo;
Till all its charms to life and shape awake,
Wrought to the finest polish they can take:
Now out of sight the crafty Proteus steals,
The mind's quick emissaries at his heels,
Its nature now a partial light reveals.
Each moment's labour, easier than before,
Embodies the illusive image more;
Brings it more closely underneath the eye,
And lends it form and palpability.
What late in shadowy vision fleeted by,
Receives at each essay a deepening dye;
Till diction gives us, modell'd into song,
The fairy phantoms of the motley throng;
Detaining and elucidating well
Her airy embryos with binding spell;

For when the mind reflects its image true—
Sees its own aim—expression must ensue;
If all but language is supplied before,
She quickly follows, and the task is o'er.
Thus when the hand of pyrotechnic skill
Has stor'd the spokes of the fantastic wheel,
Apply the flame—it spreads as is design'd,
And glides and lightens o'er the track defin'd;
Unerring on its faithful pathway burns,
Searches each nook, and tracks its thousand turns;
The well-fill'd tubes in flexile flame arrays,
And fires each winding of the pregnant maze;
Feeding on prompt materials, spurns delay,
Till o'er the whole the lambent glories play.
I know no joy so well deserves the name,
None that more justly may that title claim,
Than that of which the Poet is possess'd
When warm imagination fires his breast,
And countless images like claimants throng,
Prompting the ardent ecstacy of song.
He walks his study in a dreaming mood,
Like Pythia's priestess panting with the god;
His varying brow, betraying what he feels,
The labour of his plastic mind reveals:
Now roughly furrow'd into anxious storms,
If with much toil his lab'ring lines he forms;

Now brightening into triumph as, the skein
Unravelling, he cons them o'er again,
As each correction of his favourite piece
Confers more smoothness, elegance, or ease.

Such are the sweets of song—and in this age,
Perchance too many in its lists engage;
And they who now would fain awake the lyre,
May swell this supernumerary choir:
But ye, who deign to read, forget t' apply
The searching microscope of scrutiny:
Few from too near inspection fail to lose,
Distance on all a mellowing haze bestows;
And who is not indebted to that aid
Which throws his failures into welcome shade?

C. T.

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POEMS

STANZAS

YON star of eve, so soft and clear,
Beams mildly from the realms of rest;
And, sure, some deathless angel there
Lives in its light supremely blest:
Yet if it be a spirit's shrine,
I think, my love, it must be thine.

Oh! if in happier worlds than this
The just rejoice—to thee is giv'n
To taste the calm, undying bliss
Eternally in that blue heaven,
Whither thine earnest soul would flow,
While yet it linger'd here below.

If Beauty, Wit, and Virtue find
In heav'n a more exalted throne,
To thee such glory is assign'd,
And thou art matchless and alone:
Who liv'd on earth so pure—may grace
In heav'n the brightest Seraph's place.

For tho' on earth thy beauty's bloom
Blush'd in its spring, and faded then,
And, mourning o'er thine early tomb,
I weep thee still, but weep in vain;
Bright was the transitory gleam
That cheer'd thy life's short wav'ring dream.

Each youthful rival may confess
Thy look, thy smile, beyond compare,
Nor ask the palm of loveliness,
When thou wert more than doubly fair:
Yet ev'n the magic of that form
Drew from thy mind its loveliest charm.

Be thou as the immortal are,
Who dwell beneath their God's own wing;
A spirit of light, a living star,
A holy and a searchless thing:
But oh! forget not those who mourn,
Because thou canst no more return.

C. T.

'IN EARLY YOUTH I LOST MY SIRE'

'Hinc mihi prima mali labes.''—VIRGIL.

IN early youth I lost my sire,
That fost'ring guide, which all require,
But chief in youth, when passion glows,
And, if uncheck'd, to phrenzy grows,
The fountain of a thousand woes.
To flowers it is an hurtful thing
To lose the sun-shine in the spring;
Without the sun they cannot bloom,
And seldom to perfection come.
E'en so my soul, that might have borne
The fruits of virtue, left forlorn,
By every blast of vice was torn.
Why lowers my brow, dost thou enquire?

Why burns mine eye with feverish fire?
With hatred now, and now with ire?
In early youth I lost my sire.

From this I date whatever vice
Has numb'd my feelings into ice;
From this—the frown upon my brow;
From this—the pangs that rack me now.
My wealth, I can with safety say,
Ne'er bought me one unruffled day,
But only wore my life away.
The pruning-knife ne'er lopp'd a bough;
My passions spread, and strengthen'd too.
The chief of these was vast ambition,
  That long'd with eagle-wing to soar;
Nor ever soften'd in contrition,
  Tho' that wild wing were drench'd in gore.
And other passions play'd their part
On stage most fit—a youthful heart;
Till far beyond all hope I fell,
A play-thing for the fiends of hell—
A vessel, tost upon a deep,
Whose stormy waves would never sleep.
Alas! when virtue once has flown,
We need not ask why peace is gone:

If she at times a moment play'd
With bright beam on my mind's dark shade,
I knew the rainbow soon would fade!
Why thus it is, dost thou enquire?
Why bleeds my breast with tortures dire?
Loathes the rank earth, yet soars not higher?
In early youth I lost my sire.

C. T.

MEMORY

"The Memory is perpetually looking back when we have nothing present to entertain us: it is like those repositories in animals that are filled with stores of food, on which they may ruminate when their present pasture fails."—ADDISON.

MEMORY! dear enchanter!
  Why bring back to view
Dreams of youth, which banter
  All that e'er was true?

Why present before me
  Thoughts of years gone by,
Which, like shadows o'er me,
  Dim in distance fly?

Days of youth, now shaded
  By twilight of long years,
Flowers of youth, now faded,
  Though bath'd in sorrow's tears:

Thoughts of youth, which waken
  Mournful feelings now,
Fruits which time hath shaken
  From off their parent bough:

Memory! why, oh why,
  This fond heart consuming,
Shew me years gone by,
  When those hopes were blooming;

Hopes which now are parted,
  Hopes which then I priz'd,
Which this world, cold-hearted,
  Ne'er has realiz'd?

I knew not then its strife,
  I knew not then its rancour;
In every rose of life,
  Alas! there lurks a canker.

Round every palm-tree, springing
  With bright fruit in the waste,
A mournful asp is clinging,
  Which sours it to our taste.

O'er every fountain, pouring
  Its waters thro' the wild,
Which man imbibes, adoring,
  And deems it undefil'd,

The poison-shrubs are dropping
  Their dark dews day by day;
And Care is hourly lopping
  Our greenest boughs away!

Ah! these are thoughts that grieve me
  Then, when others rest.
Memory! why deceive me
  By thy visions blest?

Why lift the veil, dividing
  The brilliant courts of spring—
Where gilded shapes are gliding
  In fairy colouring—

From age's frosty mansion,
  So cheerless and so chill?
Why bid the bleak expansion
  Of past life meet us still?

Where's now that peace of mind
  O'er youth's pure bosom stealing,
So sweet and so refin'd,
  So exquisite a feeling?

Where's now the heart exulting
  In pleasure's buoyant sense,
And gaiety, resulting
  From conscious innocence?

All, all have past and fled,
  And left me lorn and lonely;
All those dear hopes are dead,
  Remembrance wakes them only!

I stand like some lone tower
  Of former days remaining,
Within whose place of power
  The midnight owl is plaining;—

Like oak-tree old and grey,
  Whose trunk with age is failing,
Thro' whose dark boughs for aye
  The winter winds are wailing.

Thus, Memory, thus thy light
  O'er this worn soul is gleaming,
Like some far fire at night
  Along the dun deep streaming.

A. T

'YES—THERE BE SOME GAY SOULS WHO NEVER WEEP'

> "O Lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
> "Ducentium ortus ex animo."
>
> GRAY'S *Poemata*.

YES—there be some gay souls who never weep,
And some, who, weeping, hate the tear they shed;
But sure in them the heart's fine feelings sleep,
And all its loveliest attributes are dead.

For oh! to feel it swelling to the eye,
When melancholy thoughts have sent it there,
Is something so a-kin to ecstacy,
So true a balm to misery and care,

That those are cold, I ween, who cannot feel
The soft, the sweet, the exquisite control,
Which tears, as down the moisten'd cheek they steal,
Hold o'er the yielding empire of the soul.

They soothe, they ease, and they refine the breast,
  And blunt the agonizing stings of grief,
And lend the tortur'd mind a healing rest,
  A welcome opiate, and a kind relief.

Then, if the pow'r of woe thou wouldst disarm,
  The tear thy burning wounds will gently close;
The rage of grief will sink into a calm,
  And her wild frenzy find the wish'd repose.

C. T. (?)

THE EXILE'S HARP

I WILL hang thee, my Harp, by the side of the fountain,
On the whispering branch of the lone-waving willow:
Above thee shall rush the hoarse gale of the mountain,
Below thee shall tumble the dark breaking billow.
The winds shall blow by thee, abandon'd, forsaken,
The wild gales alone shall arouse thy sad strain;
For where is the heart or the hand to awaken
The sounds of thy soul-soothing sweetness again?
Oh! Harp of my fathers!
Thy chords shall decay,
One by one with the strings
Shall thy notes fade away;
Till the fiercest of tempests
Around thee may yell,
And not waken one sound
Of thy desolate shell!

Yet, oh! yet, ere I go, will I fling a wreath round thee,
With the richest of flowers in the green valley springing;
Those that see shall remember the hand that hath crown'd thee,
When, wither'd and dead, to thee still they are clinging.
There! now I have wreath'd thee—the roses are twining
Thy chords with their bright blossoms glowing and red:
Though the lapse of one day see their freshness declining,
Yet bloom for one day when thy minstrel has fled!

Oh! Harp of my fathers!
No more in the hall,
The souls of the chieftains
Thy strains shall enthral:
One sweep will I give thee,
And wake thy bold swell;
Then, thou friend of my bosom,
For ever farewell!

A. T.

'HAVE YE NOT SEEN THE BUOYANT ORB?'

"A bubble, ...
"That in the act of seizing shrinks to nought."
CLARE.

HAVE ye not seen the buoyant orb, which oft
The tube and child-hood's playful breath produce?
Fair, but impalpable—it mounts aloft,
While o'er its surface rove the restless hues,
And sun-born tints their gliding bloom diffuse:
But 'twill not brook the touch—the vision bright,
Dissolv'd with instantaneous burst, we lose;
Breaks the thin globe with its array of light,
And shrinks at once to nought, at contact e'er so slight.

So the gay hopes we chase with ardent zeal—
Which, view'd at distance, to our gaze appear
Sweetly embodied, tangible, and real—
Elude our grasp, and melt away to air:
The test of touch too delicate to bear,
In unsubstantial loveliness they glow
Before our wistful eyes, too passing fair
For earth to realize or man to know,
Whose life is but a scene of fallacy and woe.

C. T.

'WHY SHOULD WE WEEP FOR THOSE WHO DIE?'

"Quamobrem, si dolorum finem mors affert, si securioris et melioris initium vitæ si futura mala avertit—cur eam tantopere accusare, ex qua potius consolationem et lætitiam haurire fas esset? '—CICERO

WHY should we weep for those who die?
They fall—their dust returns to dust;
Their souls shall live eternally
Within the mansions of the just.

They die to live—they sink to rise,
They leave this wretched mortal shore;
But brighter suns and bluer skies
Shall smile on them for evermore.

Why should we sorrow for the dead?
Our life on earth is but a span;
They tread the path that all must tread,
They die the common death of man.

The noblest songster of the gale
  Must cease, when Winter's frowns appear;
The reddest rose is wan and pale,
  When Autumn tints the changing year.

The fairest flower on earth must fade,
  The brightest hopes on earth must die:
Why should we mourn that man was made
  To droop on earth, but dwell on high?

The soul, th' eternal soul, must reign
  In worlds devoid of pain and strife;
Then why should mortal man complain
  Of death, which leads to happier life?

A. T.

'RELIGION! THO' WE SEEM TO SPURN'

"Sublatam ex oculis quærimus."—HORACE.

RELIGION! tho' we seem to spurn
Thy hallow'd joys, their loss we mourn,
With many a secret tear;
Tho' we have long dissolv'd the tie,
The hour we broke it claims a sigh,
And Virtue still is dear.

Our hearts forget not she was fair,
And her pure feelings, ling'ring there,
Half win us back from ill;
And—tho', so long to Vice resign'd
'Twould seem we've left her far behind—
Pursue and haunt us still.

Thus light's all-penetrating glow
Attends us to the deeps below,
With wav'ring, rosy gleam:
To the bold inmates of the bell
Faint rays of distant sun-light * steal,
And thro' the waters beam.

By the rude blasts of passion tost,
We sigh for bliss we ne'er had lost,
Had Conscience been our guide;
She burns a lamp we need not trim,
Whose steady flame is never dim,
But throws its lustre wide.

* A vermeil colour plays on the hands and faces of those who descend in this machine.

C. T.

REMORSE

"—sudant tacita præcordia culpa."—JUVENAL.

OH! 'tis a fearful thing to glance
Back on the gloom of mis-spent years:
What shadowy forms of guilt advance,
And fill me with a thousand fears!
The vices of my life arise,
Pourtray'd in shapes, alas! too true;
And not one beam of hope breaks through,
To cheer my old and aching eyes,
T' illume my night of wretchedness,
My age of anguish and distress.
If I am damn'd, why find I not
Some comfort in this earthly spot?
But no! this world and that to come
Are both to me one scene of gloom!

REMORSE

Lest ought of solace I should see,
  Or lose the thoughts of what I do,
Remorse, with soul-felt agony,
  Holds up the mirror to my view.
And I was cursed from my birth,
A reptile made to creep on earth,
An hopeless outcast, born to die
A living death eternally!
With too much conscience to have rest,
Too little to be ever blest,
To yon vast world of endless woe,
  Unlighted by the cheerful day,
  My soul shall wing her weary way;
    To those dread depths where aye the same,
Throughout the waste of darkness, glow
    The glimmerings of the boundless flame.
And yet I cannot here below
Take my full cup of guilt, as some,
And laugh away my doom to come.
I would I'd been all-heartless! then
I might have sinn'd like other men;
But all this side the grave is fear,
A wilderness so dank and drear,
That never wholesome plant would spring;
  And all behind—I dare not think!

I would not risk th' imagining—
From the full view my spirits shrink,
And starting backwards, yet I cling
To life, whose every hour to me
Hath been increase of misery.
But yet I cling to it, for well
I know the pangs that rack me now
Are trifles, to the endless hell
That waits me, when my burning brow
And my wrung eyes shall hope in vain
For one small drop to cool the pain,
The fury of that madd'ning flame
That then shall scorch my writhing frame!
Fiends! who have goaded me to ill!
Distracting fiends, who goad me still!
If e'er I work'd a sinful deed,
Ye know how bitter was the draught;
Ye know my inmost soul would bleed,
And ye have look'd at me and laugh'd,
Triumphing that I could not free
My spirit from your slavery!
Yet is there that in me which says,
Should these old feet their course retread
From out the portal of my days,
That I should lead the life I've led:

My agony, my torturing shame,
My guilt, my errors all the same!
Oh, God! that thou wouldst grant that ne'er
My soul its clay-cold bed forsake,
That I might sleep, and never wake
Unto the thrill of conscious fear;
For when the trumpet's piercing cry
Shall burst upon my slumb'ring ear,
And countless seraphs throng the sky,
How shall I cast my shroud away,
And come into the blaze of day?
How shall I brook to hear each crime,
Here veil'd by secrecy and time,
Read out from thine eternal book?
How shall I stand before thy throne,
While earth shall like a furnace burn?
How shall I bear the with'ring look
Of men and angels, who will turn
Their dreadful gaze on me alone?

A. T.

'ON GOLDEN EVENINGS, WHEN THE SUN'

"The bliss to meet,
"And the pain to part!"
MOORE.

ON golden evenings, when the sun
In splendour sinks to rest,
How we regret, when they are gone,
Those glories of the west,
That o'er the crimson-mantled sky
Threw their broad flush of deepest dye!

But when the wheeling orb again
Breaks gorgeous on the view,
And tints the earth and fires the main
With rich and ruddy hue,
We soon forget the eve of sorrow,
For joy at that more brilliant morrow.

E'en so when much-lov'd friends depart,
Their farewell rends the swelling heart;
But when those friends again we see,
We glow with soul-felt ecstacy,
That far exceeds the tearful feeling
That o'er our bosoms then was stealing.
The rapture of that joyous day
Bids former sorrows fade away;
And Memory dwells no more on sadness,
When breaks that sudden morn of gladness!

C. T.

THE DELL OF E——

" Tantum ævi longinqua valet mutare vetustas ! —VIRGIL

THERE was a long, low, rushy dell, emboss'd
With knolls of grass and clumps of copsewood green ;
Mid-way a wandering burn the valley cross'd,
And streak'd with silvery line the wood-land scene ;
High hills on either side to heaven upsprung,
Y-clad with groves of undulating pine,
Upon whose heads the hoary vapours hung,
And far—far off the heights were seen to shine
In clear relief against the sapphire sky,
And many a blue stream wander'd thro' the shade
Of those dark groves that clomb the mountains high,
And glistening 'neath each lone entangled glade,
At length with brawling accent loudly fell
Within the limpid brook that wound along the dell.

How pleasant was the ever-varying light
Beneath that emerald coverture of boughs!
How often, at th' approach of dewy night,
Have those tall pine-trees heard the lover's vows!
How many a name was carv'd upon the trunk
Of each old hollow willow-tree, that stoop'd
To lave its branches in the brook, and drunk
Its freshening dew! How many a cypress droop'd
From those fair banks, where bloom'd the earliest flowers,
Which the young year from her abounding horn
Scatters profuse within her secret bowers!
What rapturous gales from that wild dell were borne!
And, floating on the rich spring breezes, flung
Their incense o'er that wave on whose bright banks they sprung!

Long years had past, and there again I came,
But man's rude hand had sorely scath'd the dell;
And though the cloud-capt mountains, still the same,
Uprear'd each heaven-invading pinnacle;
Yet were the charms of that lone valley fled,
And the grey-winding of the stream was gone;
The brook, once murmuring o'er its pebbly bed,
Now deeply—straightly—noiselessly went on.

Slow turn'd the sluggish wheel beneath its force,
  Where clattering mills disturb'd the solitude:
Where was the prattling of its former course?
  Its shelving, sedgy sides y-crown'd with wood?
The willow trunks were fell'd, the names eras'd
  From one broad shattered pine, which still its
      station grac'd.

Remnant of all its brethren, there it stood,
  Braving the storms that swept the cliffs above,
Where once, throughout th' impenetrable wood,
  Were heard the plainings of the pensive dove.
But man had bid th' eternal forests bow
  That bloom'd upon the earth-imbedded base
Of the strong mountain, and perchance they now
  Upon the billows were the dwelling-place
Of their destroyers, and bore terror round
  The trembling earth:—ah! lovelier, had they still
Whisper'd unto the breezes with low sound,
  And greenly flourish'd on their native hill,
And flinging their proud arms in state on high,
Spread out beneath the sun their glorious canopy!

A. T.

MY BROTHER

"Meorum prime sodalium."—HORACE.

WITH falt'ring step I came to see,
In Death's unheeding apathy,
That friend so dear in life to me,
My Brother!

'Mid flowers of loveliest scent and hue
That strew'd thy form, 'twas sad to view
Thy lifeless face peep wanly through,
My Brother!

Why did they (there they did not feel!)
With studious care all else conceal,
But thy cold face alone reveal,
My Brother?

They might have known, what us'd to glow
With smiles, and oft dispell'd my woe,
Would chill me most, when faded so,
My Brother

The tolling of thy funeral bell,
The nine low notes that spoke thy knell,
I know not how I bore so well,
My Brother

But oh! the chill, dank mould that slid,
Dull-sounding, on thy coffin-lid,
That drew more tears than all beside,
My Brother

And then I hurried fast away;
How could I e'er have borne to stay
Where careless hand inhum'd thy clay,
My Brother!

C. T.

ANTONY TO CLEOPATRA

O, CLEOPATRA ! fare thee well,
We twò can meet no more ;
This breaking heart alone can tell
The love to thee I bore.
But wear not thou the conqueror's chain
Upon thy race and thee ;
And though we ne'er can meet again,
Yet still be true to me :
For I for thee have lost a throne,
To wear the crown of love alone.

Fair daughter of a regal line !
To thraldom bow not tame ;
My every wish on earth was thine,
My every hope the same.
And I have mov'd within thy sphere,
And liv'd within thy light ;
And oh ! thou wert to me so dear,
I breath'd but in thy sight !

A subject world I lost for thee,
For thou wert all my world to me!

Then when the shriekings of the dying
  Were heard along the wave,
Soul of my soul! I saw thee flying;
  I follow'd thee, to save.
The thunder of the brazen prows
  O'er Actium's ocean rung;
Fame's garland faded from my brows,
  Her wreath away I flung.
I sought, I saw, I heard but thee:
For what to love was victory?

Thine on the earth, and on the throne,
  And in the grave, am I;
And, dying, still I am thine own,
  Thy bleeding Antony.
How shall my spirit joy to hear
  That thou art ever true!
Nay—weep not—dry that burning tear,
  That bathes thine eyes' dark hue.
Shades of my fathers! lo! I come;
I hear your voices from the tomb!

A. T.

'I WANDER IN DARKNESS AND SORROW'

I WANDER in darkness and sorrow,
  Unfriended, and cold, and alone,
As dismally gurgles beside me
  The bleak river's desolate moan.
The rise of the volleying thunder
  The mountain's lone echoes repeat:
The roar of the wind is around me,
  The leaves of the year at my feet.

I wander in darkness and sorrow,
  Uncheer'd by the moon's placid ray;
Not a friend that I lov'd but is dead,
  Not a hope but has faded away!
Oh! when shall I rest in the tomb,
  Wrapt about with the chill winding sheet?
For the roar of the wind is around me,
  The leaves of the year at my feet.

I heed not the blasts that sweep o'er me,
I blame not the tempests of night;
They are not the foes who have banish'd
The visions of youthful delight:
I hail the wild sound of their raving,
Their merciless presence I greet;
Though the roar of the wind be around me,
The leaves of the year at my feet.

In this waste of existence, for solace,
On whom shall my lone spirit call?
Shall I fly to the friends of my bosom?
My God! I have buried them all!
They are dead, they are gone, they are cold,
My embraces no longer they meet;
Let the roar of the wind be around me,
The leaves of the year at my feet!

Those eyes that glanc'd love unto mine,
With motionless slumbers are prest;
Those hearts which once throbb'd but for me,
Are chill as the earth where they rest.
Then around on my wan wither'd form
Let the pitiless hurricanes beat;
Let the roar of the wind be around me,
The leaves of the year at my feet!

Like the voice of the owl in the hall,
   Where the song and the banquet have ceas'd,
Where the green weeds have mantled the hearth,
   Whence arose the proud flame of the feast;
So I cry to the storm, whose dark wing
   Scatters on me the wild-driving sleet—
"*Let the roar of the wind be around me,*
   "*The fall of the leaves at my feet!*"

A. T.

'TO ONE, WHOSE HOPE REPOS'D ON THEE'

> "She's gone . . .
> "She sunk with her my joys entombing!"
>
> BYRON

To one, whose hope repos'd on thee,
  Whose very life was in thine own,
How deep a wound thy death must be,
  And the wild thought, that thou art gone!

Oh! must the earth-born reptiles prey
  Upon that cheek of late so blooming?
Alas! this heart must wear away
  Long ere that cheek they've done consuming!

For hire the sexton toll'd thy bell—
  But why should he receive a meed
Who work'd at least no mortal's weal,
  And made one lonely bosom bleed?

For hire with ready mould he stood—
But why should gain his care repay
Who told, as harshly as he could,
That all I lov'd was past away?

For, sure, it was too rude a blow
For Misery's ever-wakeful ear,
To cast the earth with sudden throw
Upon the grave of one so dear:

For aye these bitter tears must swell,
Tho' the sad scene is past and gone;
And still I hear the tolling bell,
For Memory makes each sense her own.

But stay, my soul! thy plaint forbear,
And be thy murm'ring song forgiven!
Tread but the path of Virtue here,
And thou shalt meet with her in heaven!

C. T.

THE OLD SWORD

Old Sword! tho' dim and rusted
Be now thy sheeny blade,
Thy glitt'ring edge encrusted
With cankers Time hath made;
Yet once around thee swell'd the cry
Of triumph's fierce delight,
The shoutings of the victory,
The thunders of the fight!

'Tho' age hath past upon thee
With still corroding breath,
Yet once stream'd redly on thee
The purpling tide of death:
What time amid the war of foes
The dastard's cheek grew pale,
As through the feudal field arose
The ringing of the mail.

Old Sword! what arm hath wielded
  Thy richly gleaming brand,
'Mid lordly forms who shielded
  The maidens of their land?
    And who hath clov'n his foes in wrath
      With thy puissant fire,
    And scatter'd in his perilous path
      The victims of his ire?

Old Sword! whose fingers clasp'd thee
  Around thy carved hilt?
And with that hand which grasp'd thee
  What heroes' blood was spilt;
    When fearlessly, with open hearts,
      And lance to lance oppos'd,
    Beneath the shade of barbed darts
      The dark-ey'd warriors clos'd?

Old Sword! I would not burnish
  Thy venerable rust,
Nor sweep away the tarnish
  Of darkness and of dust!
    Lie there, in slow and still decay,
      Unfam'd in olden rhyme,
    The relic of a former day,
      A wreck of ancient time!

A. T.

'WE MEET NO MORE'

We meet no more—the die is cast,
  The chain is broke that tied us,
Our every hope on earth is past,
  And there's no helm to guide us:
We meet no more—the roaring blast
  And angry seas divide us!

And I stand on a distant shore,
  The breakers round me swelling;
And lonely thoughts of days gone o'er
  Have made this breast their dwelling:
We meet no more—We meet no more:
  Farewell for ever, Ellen!

A. T.

THE GONDOLA

"'Tis sweet to hear
"At midnight, o'er the blue and moon-lit deep,
"The song and oar of Adria's gondolier."

DON JUAN.

O'ER ocean's curling surges borne along,
Arion sung—the dolphin caught the strain,
As soft the mellow'd accents of his tongue
Stole o'er the surface of the watery plain.

And do those silver sounds, so deep, so clear,
Possess less magic than Arion's lay?
Swell they less boldly on the ravish'd ear,
Or with less cadence do they die away?

Yon Gondola, that skims the moon-light sea,
Yields me those notes more wild than Houri's
lyre,
That, as they rise, exalt to ecstacy,
And draw the tear as, length'ning, they expire.

An arch of purest azure beams above,
  A sea, as blue, as beauteous, spreads below,
In this voluptuous clime of song and love
  What room for sorrow? who shall cherish woe?

False thought! tho' pleasure wing the careless hours,
  Their stores tho' Cyprus and Arabia send,
Tho' for the ear their fascinating power
  Divine Timotheus and Cecilia blend,—

All without Virtue's relish fail to please,
  Venetian charms the cares of Vice alloy,
Joy's swiftest, brightest current they can freeze,
  And all the genuine sweets of life destroy!

C T

WRITTEN

BY AN EXILE OF BASSORAH,

WHILE SAILING DOWN THE EUPHRATES

THOU land of the Lily! thy gay flowers are blooming
In joy on thine hills, but they bloom not for me;
For a dark gulf of woe, all my fond hopes en-
tombing,
Has roll'd its black waves 'twixt this lone heart
and thee.

The far-distant hills, and the groves of my child-
hood,
Now stream in the light of the sun's setting ray;
And the tall-waving palms of my own native wild-
wood
In the blue haze of distance are melting away.

I see thee, Bassorah! in splendour retiring,
Where thy waves and thy walls in their majesty
meet;
I see the bright glory thy pinnacles firing,
And the broad vassal river that rolls at thy feet.

I see thee but faintly—thy tall towers are beaming
On the dusky horizon so far and so blue;
And minaret and mosque in the distance are gleaming,
While the coast of the stranger expands on my view.

I see thee no more: for the deep waves have parted
The land of my birth from her desolate son;
And I am gone from thee, though half broken-hearted,
To wander thro' climes where thy name is unknown.

Farewell to my harp, which I hung in my anguish
On the lonely palmetto that nods to the gale;
For its sweet-breathing tones in forgetfulness languish,
And around it the ivy shall weave a green veil.

Farewell to the days which so smoothly have glided
With the maiden whose look was like Cama's young glance,
And the sheen of whose eyes was the load-star which guided
My course on this earth thro' the storms of mis-chance!

A. T.

MARIA TO HER LUTE

THE GIFT OF HER DYING LOVER

"O laborum
"Dulce lenimen!"
HORACE.

I LOVE thee, Lute! my soul is link'd to thee
As by some tie—'tis not a groundless love;
I cannot rouse thy plaintive melody,
And fail its magic influence to prove.

I think I found thee more than ever dear
(If thought can work within this fever'd brain)
Since Edward's lifeless form was buried here,
And I deplor'd his hapless fate in vain.

'Twas then to thee my strange affection grew,
For thou wert his—I've heard him wake thy strain:
Oh! if in heaven each other we shall view,
I'll bid him sweep thy mournful chords again.

I would not change thee for the noblest lyre
  That ever lent its music to the breeze:
How could Maria taste its note of fire?
  How wake a harmony that could not please?

Then, till mine eye shall glaze, and cheek shall fade,
  I'll keep thee, prize thee as my dearest friend;
And oft I'll hasten to the green-wood shade,
  My hours in sweet, tho' fruitless grief to spend.

For in the tear there is a nameless joy;
  The full warm gush relieves the aching soul:
So still, to ease my hopeless agony,
  My lute shall warble and my tears shall roll.

C. T.

THE VALE OF BONES

"Albis informem—ossibus agrum."—HORACE.

ALONG yon vapour-mantled sky
The dark-red moon is riding high;
At times her beams in beauty break
Upon the broad and silv'ry lake;
At times more bright they clearly fall
On some white castle's ruin'd wall;
At times her partial splendour shines
Upon the grove of deep-black pines,
Through which the dreary night-breeze moans,
Above this Vale of scatter'd bones.

The low, dull gale can scarcely stir
The branches of that black'ning fir,
Which betwixt me and heav'n flings wide
Its shadowy boughs on either side,

And o'er yon granite rock uprears
Its giant form of many years.
And the shrill owlet's desolate wail
Comes to mine ear along the gale,
As, list'ning to its lengthen'd tones,
I dimly pace the Vale of Bones.

Dark Valley! still the same art thou,
Unchang'd thy mountain's cloudy brow;
Still from yon cliffs, that part asunder,
Falls down the torrent's echoing thunder;
Still from this mound of reeds and rushes
With bubbling sound the fountain gushes;
Thence, winding thro' the whisp'ring ranks
Of sedges on the willowy banks,
Still brawling, chafes the rugged stones
That strew this dismal Vale of Bones.

Unchang'd art thou! no storm hath rent
Thy rude and rocky battlement;
Thy rioting mountains sternly pil'd,
The screen of nature, wide and wild:
But who were they, whose bones bestrew
The heather, cold with midnight dew,
Upon whose slowly-rotting clay
The raven long hath ceas'd to prey,

But, mould'ring in the moon-light air,
Their wan, white sculls show bleak and bare?
And, aye, the dreary night-breeze moans
Above them in this Vale of Bones!

I knew them all—a gallant band,
The glory of their native land,
And on each lordly brow elate
Sate valour and contempt of fate,
Fierceness of youth, and scorn of foe,
And pride to render blow for blow.
In the strong war's tumultuous crash,
How darkly did their keen eyes flash!
How fearlessly each arm was rais'd!
How dazzlingly each broad-sword blaz'd!
Though now the dreary night-breeze moans
Above them in this Vale of Bones

What lapse of time shall sweep away
The memory of that gallant day,
When on to battle proudly going,
Your plumage to the wild winds blowing,
Your tartans far behind ye flowing,
Your pennons rais'd, your clarions sounding,
Fiercely your steeds beneath ye bounding,

Ye mix'd the strife of warring foes
In fiery shock and deadly close?
What stampings in the madd'ning strife,
What thrusts, what stabs, with brand and knife,
What desp'rate strokes for death or life,
Were there! What cries, what thrilling groans,
Re-echo'd thro' the Vale of Bones!

Thou peaceful Vale, whose mountains lonely,
Sound to the torrent's chiding only,
Or wild-goat's cry from rocky ledge,
Or bull-frog from the rustling sedge,
Or eagle from her airy cairn,
Or screaming of the startled hern—
How did thy million echoes waken
Amid thy caverns deeply shaken!
How with the red dew o'er thee rain'd
Thine emerald turf was darkly stain'd!
How did each innocent flower, that sprung
Thy greenly-tangl'd glades among,
Blush with the big and purple drops
That dribbled from the leafy copse!
I pac'd the valley, when the yell
Of triumph's voice had ceas'd to swell;
When battle's brazen throat no more
Rais'd its annihilating roar.

There lay ye on each other pil'd,
Your brows with noble dust defil'd; *
There, by the loudly-gushing water,
Lay man and horse in mingled slaughter.
Then wept I not, thrice gallant band;
For though no more each dauntless hand
The thunder of the combat hurl'd,
Yet still with pride your lips were curl'd;
And e'en in death's o'erwhelming shade
Your fingers linger'd round the blade!
I deem'd, when gazing proudly there
Upon the fix'd and haughty air
That mark'd each warrior's bloodless face,
Ye would not change the narrow space
Which each cold form of breathless clay
Then cover'd, as on earth ye lay,
For realms, for sceptres, or for thrones—
I dream'd not on this Vale of Bones!

But years have thrown their veil between,
And alter'd is that lonely scene;
And dreadful emblems of thy might
Stern Dissolution! meet my sight:

* "Non indecoro pulvere sordidos."— HOR.

The eyeless socket, dark and dull;
The hideous grinning of the skull,
Are sights which Memory disowns,
Thou melancholy Vale of Bones!

A. T.

TO FANCY

BRIGHT angel of heavenliest birth!
Who dwellest among us unseen,
O'er the gloomiest spot on the earth
There's a charm where thy footsteps have been.
We feel thy soft sunshine in youth,
While our joys like young blossoms are new;
For O! thou art sweeter than Truth,
And fairer and lovelier too!

The exile, who mourneth alone,
Is glad in the glow of thy smile,
Tho' far from the land of his own,
In the ocean's most desolate isle:
And the captive, who pines in his chain,
Sees the banners of glory unroll'd,
As he dreams of his own native plain,
And the forms of the heroes of old.

In the earliest ray of the morn,
  In the last rosy splendour of even,
We view thee—thy spirit is borne
  On the murmuring zephyrs of heaven :
Thou art in the sunbeam of noon,
  Thou art in the azure of air,
If I pore on the sheen of the moon,
  If I search the bright stars, thou art there !

Thou art in the rapturous eye
  Of the bard, when his visions rush o'er him ;
And like the fresh iris on high
  Are the wonders that sparkle before him.
Thou stirrest the thunders of song,
  Those transports that brook not control ;
Thy voice is the charm of his tongue,
  Thy magic the light of his soul !

Like the day-star that heralds the sun,
  Thou seem'st, when our young hopes are dawning ;
But ah ! when the day is begun,
  Thou art gone like the star of the morning !
Like a beam in the winter of years,
  When the joys of existence are cold,
Thine image can dry up our tears,
  And brighten the eyes of the old !

Tho' dreary and dark be the night
  Of affliction that gathers around,
There is something of heaven in thy light,
  Glad spirit ! where'er thou art found :
As calmly the sea-maid may lie
  In her pearly pavilion at rest,
The heart-broken and friendless may fly
  To the shade of thy bower, and be blest !

F. T.

BOYHOOD

"Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy?"
CHILDE HAROLD.

BOYHOOD's blest hours! when yet unfledg'd and callow,
We prove those joys we never can retain,
In riper years with fond regret we hallow,
Like some sweet scene we never see again.

For youth—whate'er may be its petty woes,
Its trivial sorrows—disappointments—fears,
As on in haste life's wintry current flows—
Still claims, and still receives, its debt of tears.

Yes! when, in grim alliance, grief and time
Silver our heads and rob our hearts of ease,
We gaze along the deeps of care and crime,
To the far, fading shore of youth and peace;

Each object that we meet the more endears
  That rosy morn before a troubled day;
That blooming dawn—that sun-rise of our years—
  That sweet voluptuous vision past away!

For by the welcome, tho' embittering power
  Of wakeful memory, we too well behold
That lightsome—careless—unreturning hour,
  Beyond the reach of wishes or of gold.

And ye, whom blighted hopes or passion's heat
  Have taught the pangs that care-worn hearts endure,
Ye will not deem the vernal rose so sweet!
  Ye will not call the driven snow so pure!

C. T.

'DID NOT THY ROSEATE LIPS OUTVIE'

"Ulla si juris tibi pejerati
"Pœna, Barine, nocuisset unquam;
"Dente si nigro fieres, vel uno
"Turpior ungui
"Crederem."

HORACE.

DID not thy roseate lips outvie
The gay Anana's spicy bloom; *
Had not thy breath the luxury,
The richness of its deep perfume—

Were not the pearls it fans more clear
Than those which grace the valved shell;
Thy foot more airy than the deer,
When startled from his lonely dell—

* Ulloa says, that the blossom of the West-Indian Anana is of so elegant a crimson as even to dazzle the eye, and that the fragrancy of the fruit discovers the plant though concealed from sight.—See Ulloa's *Voyages*, vol. i. p. 72.

Were not thy bosom's stainless whiteness,
Where angel loves their vigils keep,
More heavenly than the dazzling brightness
Of the cold crescent on the deep—

Were not thine eye a star might grace
Yon sapphire concave beaming clear,
Or fill the vanish'd Pleiad's place,
And shine for aye as brightly there—

Had not thy locks the golden glow
That robes the gay and early east,
Thus falling in luxuriant flow
Around thy fair but faithless breast:

I might have deem'd that thou wert she
Of the Cumæan cave, who wrote
Each fate-involving mystery,
Upon the feathery leaves that float,

Borne thro' the boundless waste of air,
Wherever chance might drive along.
But she was wrinkled—thou art fair:
And she was old—but thou art young.

Her years were as the sands that strew
   The fretted ocean-beach ; but thou—
Triumphant in that eye of blue,
   Beneath thy smoothly-marble brow ;

Exulting in thy form thus moulded,
   By nature's tenderest touch design'd ;
Proud of the fetters thou hast folded
   Around this fond deluded mind—

Deceivest still with practis'd look,
   With fickle vow, and well-feign'd sigh.
I tell thee, that I will not brook
   Reiterated perjury !

Alas ! I feel thy deep control,
   E'en now when I would break thy chain :
But while I seek to gain thy soul,
   Ah ! say—hast thou a soul to gain ?

A. T.

HUNTSMAN'S SONG

"Who the melodies of morn can tell?"
BEATTIE.

OH! what is so sweet as a morning in spring,
When the gale is all freshness, and larks, on the
wing,
In clear liquid carols their gratitude sing?

I rove o'er the hill as it sparkles with dew,
And the red flush of Phœbus with ecstacy view,
As he breaks thro' the east o'er thy crags, Benvenue!

And boldly I bound o'er the mountainous scene,
Like the roe which I hunt thro' the woodlands so
green,
Or the torrent which leaps from the height to the
plain.

The life of the hunter is chainless and gay,
As the wing of the falcon that wins him his prey;
No song is so glad as his blithe roundelay.

His eyes in soft arbours the Moslem may close,
And Fayoum's rich odours may breathe from the
rose,
To scent his bright harem and lull his repose :

Th' Italian may vaunt of his sweet harmony,
And mingle soft sounds of voluptuous glee ;
But the lark's airy music is sweeter to me.

Then happy the man who up-springs with the morn,
But not from a couch of effeminate lawn,
And slings o'er his shoulder his loud bugle-horn !

C. T.

PERSIA

"The flower and choice
"Of many provinces from bound to bound."
MILTON.

LAND of bright eye and lofty brow !
Whose every gale is balmy breath
Of incense from some sunny flower,
Which on tall hill or valley low,
In clustering maze or circling wreath,
Sheds perfume ; or in blooming bower
Of Schiraz or of Ispahan,
In bower untrod by foot of man,
Clasps round the green and fragrant stem
Of lotos, fair and fresh and blue,
And crowns it with a diadem
Of blossoms, ever young and new ;

Oh! lives there yet within thy soul
  Ought of the fire of him who led
Thy troops, and bade thy thunder roll
  O'er lone Assyria's crownless head?
  I tell thee, had that conqueror red
    From Thymbria's plain beheld thy fall,
When stormy Macedonia swept
    Thine honours from thee one and all,
He would have wail'd, he would have wept,
That thy proud spirit should have bow'd
To Alexander, doubly proud.
Oh! Iran! Iran! had he known
The downfall of his mighty throne,
Or had he seen that fatal night,
  When the young king of Macedon
  In madness led his veterans on,
And Thais held the funeral light,
Around that noble pile which rose
  Irradiant with the pomp of gold,
  In high Persepolis of old,
Encompass'd with its frenzied foes;
He would have groan'd, he would have spread
The dust upon his laurell'd head,
To view the setting of that star,
Which beam'd so gorgeously and far

O'er Anatolia, and the fane
Of Belus, and Caister's plain,
And Sardis, and the glittering sands
Of bright Pactolus, and the lands
Where Crœsus held his rich domain:
On fair Diarbeck's land of spice,*
Adiabene's plains of rice,
Where down th' Euphrates, swift and strong,
The shield-like kuphars bound along; †
And sad Cunaxa's field, where, mixing
With host to adverse host oppos'd,
'Mid clashing shield and spear transfixing,
The rival brothers sternly clos'd.
And further east, where, broadly roll'd,
Old Indus pours his stream of gold;
And there, where tumbling deep and hoarse,
Blue Ganga leaves her vaccine source; ‡
Loveliest of all the lovely streams
That meet immortal Titan's beams,
And smile upon their fruitful way
Beneath his golden orient ray:

* Xenophon says, that every shrub in these wilds had an aromatic odour.

† Rennel on Herodotus.

‡ The cavern in the ridge of Himmalah, whence the Ganges seems to derive its original springs, has been moulded, by the mind of Hindoo superstition, into the head of a cow.

And southward to Cilicia's shore,
Where Cydnus meets the billows' roar,
And where the Syrian gates divide
The meeting realms on either side; *
E'en to the land of Nile, whose crops
  Bloom rich beneath his bounteous swell,
  To hot Syene's wondrous well,
Nigh to the long-liv'd Æthiops.
And northward far to Trebizonde,
  Renown'd for kings of chivalry,
Near where old Hyssus, from the strand,
  Disgorges in the Euxine sea—
The Euxine, falsely nam'd, which whelms
  The mariner in the heaving tide,
To high Sinope's distant realms,
  Whence cynics rail'd at human pride.

* See Xenophon's *Expeditio Cyri.*

A. T.

EGYPT

"Egypt's palmy groves,
"Her grots, and sepulchres of kings."
MOORE'S *Lalla Rookh.*

THE sombre pencil of the dim-grey dawn
Draws a faint sketch of Egypt to mine eye,
As yet uncolour'd by the brilliant morn,
And her gay orb careering up the sky.

And see! at last he comes in radiant pride,
Life in his eye, and glory in his ray;
No veiling mists his growing splendour hide,
And hang their gloom around his golden way.

The flowery region brightens in his smile,
Her lap of blossoms freights the passing gale,
That robs the odours of each balmy isle,
Each fragrant field and aromatic vale.

But the first glitter of his rising beam
Falls on the broad-bas'd pyramids sublime,
As proud to show us with his earliest gleam,
Those vast and hoary enemies of time.

E'en History's self, whose certain scrutiny
Few eras in the list of Time beguile,
Pauses, and scans them with astonish'd eye,
As unfamiliar with their aged pile.

Awful, august, magnificent, they tower
Amid the waste of shifting sands around;
The lapse of year and month and day and hour,
Alike unfelt, perform th' unwearied round.

How often hath yon day-god's burning light,
From the clear sapphire of his stainless heaven,
Bath'd their high peaks in noontide brilliance-bright,
Gilded at morn, and purpled them at even! *

* See Savary's *Letters*.

Begun C. T., finished A. T.

THE DRUID'S PROPHECIES *

MONA! with flame thine oaks are streaming,
Those sacred oaks we rear'd on high:
Lo! Mona, Lo! the swords are gleaming
Adown thine hills confusedly.

Hark! Mona, Hark! the chargers' neighing!
The clang of arms and helmets bright!
The crash of steel, the dreadful braying
Of trumpets thro' the madd'ning fight!

Exalt your torches, raise your voices;
Your thread is spun—your day is brief;
Yea! Howl for sorrow! Rome rejoices,
But Mona—Mona bends in grief!

* "Stabat pro littore diversa acies, densa armis virisque, intercursantibus feminis in modum Furiarum, quæ veste ferali, crinibus dejectis, faces præferebant. Druidæque circum, preces diras, sublatis ad cœlum manibus, fundentes," etc.—TACIT. *Annal* xiv. c. 30.

But woe to Rome, though now she raises
Yon eagles of her haughty power;
Though now her sun of conquest blazes,
Yet soon shall come her darkening hour!

Woe, woe to him who sits in glory,
Enthroned on thine hills of pride!
Can he not see the poignard gory,
With his best heart's-blood deeply dyed?

Ah! what avails his gilded palace,
Whose wings the seven-hill'd town enfold? *
The costly bath, the chrystal chalice?
The pomp of gems—the glare of gold?

See where, by heartless anguish driven,
Crownless he creeps 'mid circling thorns; †
Around him flash the bolts of heaven,
And angry earth before him yawns. ‡

* Pliny says, that the golden palace of Nero extended all round the city.

† "Ut ad diverticulum ventum est, dimissis equis inter fruticeta ac vepres, per arundineti semitam ægre, nec nisi strata sub pedibus veste, ad adversum villæ parietem evasit."—SUETON. *Vit. Cæsar.*

‡ "Statimque tremore terræ, et fulgure adverso pavefactus, audiit ex proximis castris clamorem," etc.—*Ibid.*

Then, from his pinnacle of splendour,
The feeble king,* with locks of grey,
Shall fall, and sovereign Rome shall render
Her sceptre to the usurper's † sway.

Who comes with sounds of mirth and gladness,
Triumphing o'er the prostrate dead? ‡
Ay, me! thy mirth shall change to sadness,
When Vengeance strikes thy guilty head.

Above thy noon-day feast suspended,
High hangs in air a naked sword:
Thy days are gone, thy joys are ended,
The cup, the song, the festal board.

Then shall the eagle's shadowy pinion
Be spread beneath the eastern skies; §
And dazzling far with wide dominion,
Five brilliant stars shall brightly rise. ||

* Galba. † Otho.

‡ "Utque campos, in quibus pugnatum est, adiit (*i.e.* Vitellius) plurimum meri propalam hausit," etc.—SUET.

§ At the siege of Jerusalem.

|| The five good Emperors; Nerva, Trajan, Adrian, Antoninus Pius, and Marcus Aurelius, or Antoninus the Philosopher. Perhaps the best commentary on the life and virtues of the last, is his own volume of *Meditations*.

Then, coward king! * the helpless aged
Shall bow beneath thy dastard blow;
But reckless hands and hearts, enraged,
By double fate shall lay thee low. †

And two, ‡ with death-wounds deeply mangled,
Low on their parent-earth shall lie;
Fond wretches! ah! too soon entangled
Within the snares of royalty.

Then comes that mighty one victorious
In triumph o'er this earthly ball, §
Exulting in his conquests glorious—
Ah! glorious to his country's fall!

But thou shalt see the Romans flying,
O Albyn! with yon dauntless ranks; ||
And thou shalt view the Romans dying,
Blue Carun! on thy mossy banks.

* "Debiles pedibus, et eos, qui ambulare non possent, in gigantum modum, ita ut a genibus de pannis et linteis quasi dracones digererentur; eosdemque sagittis confecit."—ÆL. LAMPRID. *in Vita Comm.*—Such were the laudable amusements of Commodus!

† He was first poisoned; but the operation not fully answering the wishes of his beloved, he was afterwards strangled by a robust wrestler.

‡ Pertinax and Didius Julian.

§ Severus, who was equally victorious in the Eastern and Western World: but those conquests, however glorious, were conducive to the ruin of the Roman Empire.—See GIBBON, vol. vi. chap. v. p. 203.

|| In allusion to the real or feigned victory obtained by Fingal over Caracul or Caracalla.—See OSSIAN.

But lo! what dreadful visions o'er me
Are bursting on this aged eye!
What length of bloody train before me,
In slow succession passes by! *

Thy hapless monarchs fall together,
Like leaves in winter's stormy ire;
Some by the sword, and some shall wither
By light'ning's flame and fever's fire. †

They come! they leave their frozen regions,
Where Scandinavia's wilds extend;
And Rome, though girt with dazzling legions,
Beneath their blasting power shall bend.

Woe, woe to Rome! though tall and ample
She rears her domes of high renown;
Yet fiery Goths shall fiercely trample
The grandeur of her temples down!

* Very few of the Emperors after Severus escaped assassination.

† Macrinus, Heliogabalus, Alexander, Maximin Pupienus, Balbinus, Gordian, Philip, etc., were assassinated; Claudius died of a pestilential fever; and Carus was struck dead by lightning in his tent.

She sinks to dust; and who shall pity
Her dark despair and hopeless groans?
There is a wailing in her city—
Her babes are dash'd against the stones!

Then, Mona! then, though wan and blighted
Thy hopes be now by Sorrow's dearth,
Then all thy wrongs shall be requited—
The Queen of Nations bows to earth!

A. T.

LINES

THE eye must* catch the point that shows
  The pensile dew-drop's twinkling gleam,
Where on the trembling blade it glows,
  Or hueless hangs the liquid gem.

Thus do some minds unmark'd appear
  By aught that's generous or divine,
Unless we view them in the sphere
  Where with their fullest light they shine.

Occasion—circumstance—give birth
  To charms that else unheeded lie,
And call the latent virtues forth
  To break upon the wond'ring eye.

* To one who entertained a light opinion of an Eminent Character because too impatient to wait for its gradual developement.

E'en he your censure has enroll'd
  So rashly with the cold and dull,
Waits but occasion to unfold
  An ardour and a force of soul.

Go then, impetuous youth, deny
  The presence of the orb of day,
Because November's cloudy sky
  Transmits not his resplendent ray.

Time, and the passing throng of things,
  Full well the mould of minds betray,
And each a clearer prospect brings :—
  Suspend thy judgment for a day.

C. T.

SWISS SONG

I LOVE St. Gothard's head of snows,
   That shoots into the sky,
Where, yet unform'd, in grim repose
   Ten thousand avalanches lie.

I love Lucerne's transparent lake,
   And Jura's hills of pride,
Whence infant rivers, gushing, break
   With small and scanty tide.

And thou, Mont Blanc! thou mighty pile
   Of crags and ice and snow;
The Gallic foes in wonder smile
   That we should love thee so!

But we were nurst within thy breast,
  And taught to brave thy storms :
Thy tutorage was well confest
  Against the Frank in arms—

The Frank who basely, proudly came
  To rend us from our home,
With flashing steel and wasting flame.—
  How could he, dare he come ?

C. T.

THE EXPEDITION OF NADIR SHAH INTO HINDOSTAN

"Quoi ! vous allez combattre un roi, dont la puissance
"Semble forcer le ciel de prendre sa defense,
"Sous qui toute l'Asie a vu tomber ses rois
"Et qui tient la fortune attachée a ses lois !"

RACINE'S *Alexandre.*

"Squallent populatibus agri."

CLAUDIAN.

As the host of the locusts in numbers, in might
As the flames of the forest that redden the night,
They approach : but the eye may not dwell on the
glare
Of standard and sabre that sparkle in air.

Like the fiends of destruction they rush on their
way,
The vulture behind them is wild for his prey ;
And the spirits of death, and the demons of wrath,
Wave the gloom of their wings o'er their desolate
path.

Earth trembles beneath them, the dauntless, the bold ;
Oh ! weep for thy children, thou region of gold ; *
For thy thousands are bow'd to the dust of the plain,
And all Delhi runs red with the blood of her slain.

For thy glory is past, and thy splendour is dim,
And the cup of thy sorrow is full to the brim ;
And where is the chief in thy realms to abide,
The "Monarch of Nations," † the strength of his pride ?

Like a thousand dark streams from the mountain
they throng,
With the fife and the horn and the war-beating gong :
The land like an Eden before them is fair,
But behind them a wilderness dreary and bare. ‡

The shrieks of the orphan, the lone widow's wail,
The groans of the childless are loud on the gale ;
For the star of thy glory is blasted and wan,
And wither'd the flower of thy fame, Hindostan !

A. T.

* This invader required as a ransom for Mohammed Shah no less than thirty millions, and amassed in the rich city of Delhi the enormous sum of two hundred and thirty-one millions sterling. Others, however, differ considerably in their account of this treasure.

† Such pompous epithets the Oriental writers are accustomed to bestow on their monarchs ; of which sufficient specimens may be seen in Sir William Jones's translation of the History of Nadir Shah. We can scarcely read one page of this work without meeting with such sentences as these : "Le roi de rois," "Les etendards qui subjuguent le monde ;" "L'ame rayonnante de sa majesté ;" "Le rayonnant monarque du monde ;" "Sa majesté conquerante du monde ;" etc.

‡ "The land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness."—JOEL.

GREECE

"Exoritur clamorque virum, clangorque tubarum."
VIRGIL.

WHAT wakes the brave of yon isle-throng'd wave?
And why does the trumpet bray?
And the tyrant groan on his gory throne,
In fear and wild dismay?

Why, he sees the hosts around his coasts
Of those who will be free;
And he views the bands of trampled lands
In a dreadful league agree.

"Revenge!" they call, "for one, for all—
"In the page of song and story
"Be their name eras'd, and our's replac'd
"In all its pristine glory!

"Too long in pain has Slavery's chain
"Our listless limbs encumber'd;
"Too long beneath her freezing breath
"Our torpid souls have slumber'd.

"But now we rise—the great, the wise
"Of ages past inspire us!
"Oh! what could inflame our love of fame,
"If that should fail to fire us?

"Let Cecrops' town of old renown
"Her bands and chieftains muster;
"With joy unsheath the blade of death,
"And crush the foes who crush'd her!

"We come, we come, with trump and drum,
"To smite the hand that smote us,
"And spread the blaze of freedom's rays
"From Athens to Eurotas!"

C. T.

THE MAID OF SAVOY

Down Savoy's hills of stainless white
A thousand currents run,
And sparkle bright in the early light
Of the slowly-rising sun:
But brighter far,
Like the glance of a star
From regions above,
Is the look of love
In the eye of the Maid of Savoy!

Down Savoy's hills of lucid snow
A thousand roebucks leap,
And headlong they go when the bugles blow,
And sound from steep to steep:
But lighter far,
Like the motion of air
On the smooth river's bed,
Is the noiseless tread
Of the foot of the Maid of Savoy!

In Savoy's vales, with green array'd,
  A thousand blossoms flower,
'Neath the odorous shade by the larches made,
  In their own ambrosial bower:
      But sweeter still,
      Like the cedars which rise
      On Lebanon's hill
      To the pure blue skies,
        Is the breath of the Maid of Savoy!

In Savoy's groves full merrily sing
  A thousand songsters gay,
When the breath of spring calls them forth on the
      wing,
  To sport in the sun's mild ray:
      But softer far,
      Like the holy song
      Of angels in air,
      When they sweep along,
        Is the voice of the Maid of Savoy!

A. T.

IGNORANCE OF MODERN EGYPT

Day's genial beams expand the flowers
That bloom in Damietta's bowers;
Beneath the night's descending dew
They close those leaves of finest hue:
So Science droops in Egypt's land,
Beneath the Turkish despot's hand;
The damps of Ignorance and Pride
Close up its leaves, its beauties hide:
The morrow's rays her flowers may woo—
Is there no ray for Science too?

C. T.

MIDNIGHT

'Tis midnight o'er the dim mere's lonely bosom,
Dark, dusky, windy midnight: swift are driven
The swelling vapours onward: every blossom
Bathes its bright petals in the tears of heaven.
Imperfect, half-seen objects meet the sight,
The other half our fancy must pourtray;
A wan, dull, lengthen'd sheet of swimming light
Lies the broad lake: the moon conceals her ray,
Sketch'd faintly by a pale and lurid gleam
Shot thro' the glimmering clouds: the lovely planet
Is shrouded in obscurity; the scream
Of owl is silenc'd; and the rocks of granite
Rise tall and drearily, while damp and dank
Hang the thick willows on the reedy bank.
Beneath, the gurgling eddies slowly creep,
Blacken'd by foliage; and the glutting wave,
That saps eternally the cold grey steep,
Sounds heavily within the hollow cave.

All earth is restless—from his glossy wing *
The heath-fowl lifts his head at intervals;
Wet, driving, rainy, come the bursting squalls;
All nature wears her dun dead covering.
Tempest is gather'd, and the brooding storm
Spreads its black mantle o'er the mountain's form;
And, mingled with the rising roar, is swelling,
From the far hunter's booth, the blood hound's yelling.
The water-falls in various cadence chiming,
Or, in one loud unbroken sheet descending,
Salute each other thro' the night's dark womb;
The moaning pine-trees to the wild blast bending,
Are pictured faintly thro' the chequer'd gloom;
The forests, half-way up the mountain climbing,
Resound with crash of falling branches; quiver
Their aged mossy trunks: the startled doe
Leaps from her leafy lair: the swelling river
Winds his broad stream majestic, deep, and slow.

* The succeeding lines are a paraphrase of Ossian.

A. T.

'IN SUMMER, WHEN ALL NATURE GLOWS'

"Nature in every form inspires delight."
COWPER.

In summer, when all nature glows,
And lends its fragrance to the rose,
And tints the sky with deeper blue,
And copious sheds the fruitful dew;
When odours come with every gale,
And nature holds her carnival;
When all is bright and pure and calm,
The smallest herb or leaf can charm
The man whom nature's beauties warm.

The glitt'ring tribes of insects gay,
Disporting in their parent-ray,
Each full of life and careless joy,
He views with philosophic eye:
For well he knows the glorious Hand,
That bade th' eternal mountains stand,

And spread the vast and heaving main,
And studded heaven's resplendent plain,
Gave life to nature's humbler train.

Nor less admires his mighty pow'r
In the fine organs of a flow'r,
Than when he bids the thunder roll,
Rebellowing o'er the stormy pole;
Or launches forth his bolts of fire
On the lost objects of his ire;
Or with the yawning earthquake shocks
The reeling hills and shatter'd rocks,
And every mortal project mocks.

No sceptic he—who bold essays
T' unravel all the mystic maze
Of the Creator's mighty plan—
A task beyond the pow'rs of man;
Who, when his reason fails to soar
High as his will, believes no more—
No!—calmly thro' the world he steals,
Nor seeks to trace what God conceals,
Content with what that God reveals.

C. T.

SCOTCH SONG

THERE are tears o' pity, an' tears o' wae,
An' tears for excess o' joy will fa';
Yet the tears o' luve are sweeter than a'!

There are sighs o' pity, an' sighs o' wae,
An' sighs o' regret frae the saul will gae;
Yet the sighs o' luve are sweeter than a'!

There's the look o' pity, the look o' wae,
The look o' frien', an' the look o' fae;
Yet the look o' luve is sweeter than a'!

There's the smile o' friends when they come frae far,
There's the smile o' joy in the festive ha';
Yet the smile o' luve is sweeter than a'!

(?)

'BORNE ON LIGHT WINGS OF BUOYANT DOWN'

"Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna."
HORACE.

BORNE on light wings of buoyant down,
Mounts the hoar thistle-beard aloft;
An air scarce felt can bear it on,
A touch propel, tho' e'er so soft:
Dislodg'd from yonder thistle's head,
Upon the passing gale it fled.

See! to each object on its way
A faithless moment it adheres;
But if one breeze upon it play,
Breaks its slight bonds and disappears:
Its silken sail each zephyr catches,
A breath its airy hold detaches.

The man who wins thy love awhile,
Should never dream it will remain;

For one fond word, one courteous smile,
  Will set thy heart afloat again.
But he whose eye the light can chase,
That sports above the trembling vase,

Attend its roving sheen, pursue
  Its rapid movements here and there,
And with a firm unwavering view
  Arrest the fleeting phantom fair,
May fix inconstancy—ensure
Thy love, thy fickle faith secure!

How many have—for many ask—
  The kiss I fondly deem'd my own!
And hundreds in succession bask
  In eye-beams due to me alone:
Tho' all, like me, in turn must prove
The wandering nature of thy love.

Thou saw'st the glow-worm on our way,
  Last eve, with mellow lustre shine—
Clad in pellucid flame she lay,
  And glimmer'd in her amber shrine—
Would that those eyes of heavenly blue
Were half as faithful and as true!

And lo! the blush, quick mantling, breaks
  In rich suffusion o'er thy cheek;
In sudden vermeil Conscience speaks,
  No further, fuller proof I seek:
The rosy herald there was sent,
To bid thee own it and repent.

C. T.

SONG

It is the solemn even-time,
  And the holy organ's pealing:
And the vesper chime, oh! the vesper chime!
  O'er the clear blue wave is stealing.

It is the solemn mingled swell
  Of the monks in chorus singing:
And the vesper bell, oh! the vesper bell!
  To the gale is its soft note flinging.

'Tis the sound of the voices sweeping along,
  Like the wind thro' a grove of larches:
And the vesper song, oh! the vesper song!
  Echoes sad thro' the cloister'd arches.

A. T.

'THE STARS OF YON BLUE PLACID SKY'

"—supereminet omnes."
VIRGIL.

THE stars of yon blue placid sky
In vivid thousands burn,
And beaming from their orbs on high,
On radiant axles turn:
The eye with wonder gazes there,
And could but gaze on sight so fair.

But should a comet, brighter still,
His blazing train unfold
Among the many lights that fill
The sapphirine with gold;
More wonder then would one bestow,
Than millions of a meaner glow.

E'en so, sweet maid! thy beauties shine
With light so peerless and divine,
That others, who have charm'd before,
When match'd with thee, attract no more.

C. T.

FRIENDSHIP

"Neque ego nunc de vulgari aut de mediocri, quæ tamen ipsa et delectat et prodest, sed de vera et perfecta loquor (amicitia) qualis eorum, qui pauci nominantur, fuit"—CICERO.

O THOU most holy Friendship! wheresoe'er
  Thy dwelling be—for in the courts of man
But seldom thine all-heavenly voice we hear,
  Sweet'ning the moments of our narrow span;
And seldom thy bright foot-steps do we scan
  Along the weary waste of life unblest,
For faithless is its frail and wayward plan,
  And perfidy is man's eternal guest,
With dark suspicion link'd and shameless interest!—

'Tis thine, when life has reach'd its final goal,
  Ere the last sigh that frees the mind be giv'n,
To speak sweet solace to the parting soul,
  And pave the bitter path that leads to heav'n:
'Tis thine, whene'er the heart is rack'd and riv'n
  By the hot shafts of baleful calumny,
When the dark spirit to despair is driv'n,
  To teach its lonely grief to lean on thee,
And pour within thine ear the tale of misery.

But where art thou, thou comet of an age,
  Thou phœnix of a century? Perchance
Thou art but of those fables which engage
  And hold the minds of men in giddy trance.
Yet, be it so, and be it all romance,
  The thought of thine existence is so bright
With beautiful imaginings—the glance
  Upon thy fancied being such delight,
That I will deem thee Truth, so lovely is thy might!

A. T.

ON THE DEATH OF MY GRANDMOTHER

"Cui pudor et justitiæ soror
"Incorrupta fides nudaque veritas
"Quando ullum invenient parem?"

HORACE.

THERE on her bier she sleeps!
E'en yet her face its native sweetness keeps.
Ye need not mourn above that faded form,
Her soul defies the ravage of the worm;
Her better half has sought its heavenly rest,
Unstain'd, unharm'd, unfetter'd, unopprest;
And far above all worldly pain and woe,
She sees that God she almost saw below.
She trod the path of virtue from her birth,
And finds in Heaven what she sought on earth;
She wins the smile of her eternal King,
And sings His praise where kindred angels sing.

Her holy patience, her unshaken faith,
How well they smooth'd the rugged path of Death !
She met his dread approach without alarm,
For Heaven in prospect makes the spirit calm.
In stedfast trust and Christian virtue strong,
Hope on her brow, and Jesus on her tongue ;
Her faith, like Stephen's, soften'd her distress—
Scarce less her anguish, scarce her patience less !

C. T.

'AND ASK YE WHY THESE SAD TEARS STREAM?'

"Te somnia nostra reducunt."

OVID.

AND ask ye why these sad tears stream?
  Why these wan eyes are dim with weeping?
I had a dream—a lovely dream,
  Of her that in the grave is sleeping.

I saw her as 'twas yesterday,
  The bloom upon her cheek still glowing;
And round her play'd a golden ray,
  And on her brows were gay flowers blowing.

With angel-hand she swept a lyre,
  A garland red with roses bound it;
Its strings were wreath'd with lambent fire,
  And amaranth was woven round it.

I saw her mid the realms of light,
In everlasting radiance gleaming;
Co-equal with the seraphs bright,
Mid thousand thousand angels beaming.

I strove to reach her, when, behold,
Those fairy forms of bliss Elysian,
And all that rich scene wrapt in gold,
Faded in air—a lovely vision!

And I awoke, but oh! to me
That waking hour was doubly weary;
And yet I could not envy thee,
Although so blest, and I so dreary.

A. T.

THE REIGN OF LOVE

"In freta dum fluvii current," etc.
VIRGIL.

WHILE roses boast a purple dye,
  While seas obey the blast,
Or glowing rain-bows span the sky—
  The reign of love shall last.

While man exults o'er present joy,
  Or mourns o'er joy that's past,
Feels virtue soothe, or vice alloy—
  The reign of love shall last.

While female charms attract the mind,
  In moulds of beauty cast;
While man is warm, or woman kind—
  The reign of love shall last.

C. T.

ON SUBLIMITY

"The sublime always dwells on great objects and terrible."
BURKE.

O TELL me not of vales in tenderest green,
  The poplar's shade, the plantane's graceful tree
Give me the wild cascade, the rugged scene,
  The loud surge bursting o'er the purple sea:
On such sad views my soul delights to pore,
  By Teneriffe's peak, or Kilda's giant height,
Or dark Loffoden's melancholy shore,
  What time grey eve is fading into night;
When by that twilight beam I scarce descry
The mingled shades of earth and sea and sky.

Give me to wander at midnight alone,
  Through some august cathedral, where, from high
The cold, clear moon on the mosaic stone
  Comes glancing in gay colours gloriously,
Through windows rich with gorgeous blazonry,
  Gilding the niches dim, where, side by side

Stand antique mitred prelates, whose bones lie
  Beneath the pavement, where their deeds of pride
Were graven, but long since are worn away
By constant feet of ages day by day.

Then, as Imagination aids, I hear
  Wild heavenly voices sounding from the quoir,
And more than mortal music meets mine ear,
  Whose long, long notes among the tombs expire,
With solemn rustling of cherubic wings,
  Round those vast columns which the roof upbear;
While sad and undistinguishable things
  Do flit athwart the moonlit windows there;
And my blood curdles at the chilling sound
Of lone, unearthly steps, that pace the hallow'd ground

I love the starry spangled heav'n, resembling
  A canopy with fiery gems o'erspread,
When the wide loch with silvery sheen is trembling,
  Far stretch'd beneath the mountain's hoary head.
But most I love that sky, when, dark with storms,
  It frowns terrific o'er this wilder'd earth,
While the black clouds, in strange and uncouth forms,
  Come hurrying onward in their ruinous wrath;
And shrouding in their deep and gloomy robe
The burning eyes of heav'n and Dian's lucid globe!

I love your voice, ye echoing winds, that sweep
  Thro' the wide womb of midnight, when the veil
Of darkness rests upon the mighty deep,
  The labouring vessel, and the shatter'd sail—
Save when the forked bolts of lightning leap
  On flashing pinions, and the mariner pale
Raises his eyes to heaven. Oh! who would sleep
  What time the rushing of the angry gale
Is loud upon the waters?—Hail, all hail!
Tempest and clouds and night and thunder's rending peal!

All hail, Sublimity! thou lofty one,
  For thou dost walk upon the blast, and gird
Thy majesty with terrors, and thy throne
  Is on the whirlwind, and thy voice is heard
In thunders and in shakings: thy delight
  Is in the secret wood, the blasted heath,
The ruin'd fortress, and the dizzy height,
  The grave, the ghastly charnel-house of death,
In vaults, in cloisters, and in gloomy piles,
Long corridors and towers and solitary aisles!

Thy joy is in obscurity, and plain
  Is nought with thee; and on thy steps attend
Shadows but half-distinguish'd; the thin train
  Of hovering spirits round thy pathway bend,

With their low tremulous voice and airy tread,*
What time the tomb above them yawns and gapes:
For thou dost hold communion with the dead
Phantoms and phantasies and grisly shapes;
And shades and headless spectres of St. Mark,†
Seen by a lurid light, formless and still and dark!

What joy to view the varied rainbow smile
On Niagara's flood of matchless might,
Where all around the melancholy isle ‡
The billows sparkle with their hues of light!
While, as the restless surges roar and rave,
The arrowy stream descends with awful sound,
Wheeling and whirling with each breathless wave, §
Immense, sublime, magnificent, profound!
If thou hast seen all this, and could'st not feel,
Then know, thine heart is fram'd of marble or of steel.

* According to Burke, a low tremulous intermitted sound is conducive to the sublime.

† It is a received opinion, that on St. Mark's Eve all the persons who are to die on the following year make their appearances without their heads in the churches of their respective parishes.—See DR. LANGHORNE'S *Notes to Collins.*

‡ This island, on both sides of which the waters rush with astonishing swiftness, is 900 or 800 feet long, and its lower edge is just at the perpendicular edge of the fall.

§ "Undis Phlegethon perlustrat ANHELIS."—CLAUDIAN.

The hurricane fair earth to darkness changing,
  Kentucky's chambers of eternal gloom,*
The swift-pac'd columns of the desert ranging
  Th' uneven waste, the violent Simoom,
Thy snow-clad peaks, stupendous Gungotree !
  Whence springs the hallow'd Jumna's echoing
    tide,
Hoar Cotopaxi's cloud-capt majesty,
  Enormous Chimborazo's naked pride,
The dizzy Cape of winds that cleaves the sky,†
Whence we look down into eternity,

The pillar'd cave of Morven's giant king,‡
  The Yanar,§ and the Geyser's boiling fountain,

* See Dr. Nahum Ward's account of the great Kentucky Cavern, in the *Monthly Magazine*, October 1816.

† In the Ukraine.

‡ Fingal's Cave in the Island of Staffa. If the Colossus of Rhodes bestrid a harbour, Fingal's powers were certainly far from despicable :—

A chos air Cromleach druim-ard
Chos eile air Crommeal dubh
Thoga Fion le lamh mhoir
An d'uisge o Lubhair na fruth.

With one foot on Cromleach his brow,
The other on Crommeal the dark,
Fion took up with his large hand
The water from Lubhair of streams.

See the Dissertations prefixed to Ossian's *Poems*.

§ Or, perpetual fire.

The deep volcano's inward murmuring,
The shadowy Colossus of the mountain ; *
Antiparos, where sun-beams never enter ;
Loud Stromboli, amid the quaking isles ;
The terrible Maelstroom, around his centre
Wheeling his circuit of unnumber'd miles :
These, these are sights and sounds that freeze the blood,
Yet charm the awe-struck soul which doats on solitude.

Blest be the bard, whose willing feet rejoice
To tread the emerald green of Fancy's vales,
Who hears the music of her heavenly voice,
And breathes the rapture of her nectar'd gales !
Blest be the bard, whom golden Fancy loves,
He strays for ever thro' her blooming bowers,
Amid the rich profusion of her groves,
And wreathes his forehead with her spicy flowers
Of sunny radiance ; but how blest is he
Who feels the genuine force of high Sublimity !

* Alias, the Spectre of the Broken.

A. T.

THE DEITY

'Immutable—immortal—infinite!"

MILTON.

WHERE is the wonderful abode,
  The holy, secret, searchless shrine,
Where dwells the immaterial God,
  The all-pervading and benign?

O! that he were reveal'd to me,
  Fully and palpably display'd
In all the awful majesty
  Of heaven's consummate pomp array'd—

How would the overwhelming light
  Of his tremendous presence beam!
And how insufferably bright
  Would the broad glow of glory stream!

What tho' this flesh would fade like grass,
Before th' intensity of day?
One glance at Him who always was,
The fiercest pangs would well repay.

When Moses on the mountain's brow
Had met th' Eternal face to face,
While anxious Israel stood below,
Wond'ring and trembling at its base;

His visage, as he downward trod,
Shone starlike on the shrinking crowd,
With lustre borrow'd from his God:
They could not brook it, and they bow'd.

The mere reflection of the blaze
That lighten'd round creation's Lord,
Was too puissant for their gaze;
And he that caught it was ador'd.

Then how ineffably august,
How passing wond'rous must He be,
Whose presence lent to earthly dust
Such permanence of brilliancy!

Thron'd in sequester'd sanctity,
  And with transcendant glories crown'd ;
With all his works beneath his eye,
  And suns and systems burning round,—

How shall I hymn him ? How aspire
  His holy Name with song to blend,
And bid my rash and feeble lyre
  To such an awless flight ascend ?

A. T. or C. T.

''TIS THE VOICE OF THE DEAD'

"Non omnis moriar."—HORACE.

'TIS the voice of the dead
From the depth of their glooms:
Hark! they call me away
To the world of the tombs!
I come, lo! I come
To your lonely abodes,
For my dust is the earth's,
But this soul is my God's!

Thine is not the triumph,
O invincible Death!
Thou hast not prevail'd,
Tho' I yield thee my breath:
Thy sceptre shall wave
O'er a fragment of clay,
But my spirit, thou tyrant,
Is bounding away!

I fear not, I feel not
 The pang that destroys,
In the bliss of that thought—
 That the blest shall rejoice:
For why should I shrink?
 One moment shall sever
My soul from its chain,
 Then it liveth for ever!

Then weep not for me,
 Tho' I sink, I shall rise;
I shall live, tho' I sleep—
 'Tis the guilty who dies.
E'en now in mine ear
 'Tis a seraph who sings:
Farewell!—for I go
 On the speed of his wings!

F. T.

TIME: AN ODE

I SEE the chariot, where,
Throughout the purple air,
  The forelock'd monarch rides:
Arm'd like some antique vehicle for war,
Time, hoary Time! I see thy scythed car,
In voiceless majesty,
Cleaving the clouds of ages that float by,
  And change their many-colour'd sides,
    Now dark, now dun, now richly bright,
    In an ever-varying light.
  The great, the lowly, and the brave
      Bow down before the rushing force
      Of thine unconquerable course;
  Thy wheels are noiseless as the grave,
  Yet fleet as Heaven's red bolt they hurry on,
  They pass above us, and are gone!

Clear is the track which thou hast past;
Strew'd with the wrecks of frail renown,
Robe, sceptre, banner, wreath, and crown,
The pathway that before thee lies,
An undistinguishable waste,
Invisible to human eyes,
Which fain would scan the various shapes which glide
In dusky cavalcade,
Imperfectly descried,
Through that intense, impenetrable shade.

Four grey steeds thy chariot draw;
In th' obdurate, tameless jaw
Their rusted iron bits they sternly champ;
Ye may not hear the echoing tramp
Of their light-bounding, windy feet,
Upon that cloudy pavement beat.
Four wings have each, which, far outspread,
Receive the many blasts of heav'n,
As with unwearied speed,
Throughout the long extent of ether driven,
Onward they rush for ever and for aye:
Thy voice, thou mighty Charioteer!
Always sounding in their ear,
Throughout the gloom of night and heat of day.

Fast behind thee follows Death,
Thro' the ranks of wan and weeping,
That yield their miserable breath,
On with his pallid courser proudly sweeping.
Arm'd is he in full mail,*
Bright breast-plate and high crest,
Nor is the trenchant falchion wanting:
So fiercely does he ride the gale,
On Time's dark car, before him, rest
The dew-drops of his charger's panting.

On, on they go along the boundless skies,
All human grandeur fades away
Before their flashing, fiery, hollow eyes;
Beneath the terrible control
Of those vast armed orbs, which roll
Oblivion on the creatures of a day.
Those splendid monuments alone he spares,
Which, to her deathless votaries,
Bright Fame, with glowing hand, uprears
Amid the waste of countless years.

* I am indebted for the idea of Death's Armour to that famous Chorus in Caractacus beginning with—

"Hark! heard ye not that footstep dread?"

"Live ye!" to these he crieth; "live!
"To ye eternity I give—
"Ye, upon whose blessed birth
"The noblest star of heaven hath shone;
"Live, when the ponderous pyramids of earth
"Are crumbling in oblivion!
"Live, when, wrapt in sullen shade,
"The golden hosts of heaven shall fade;
"Live, when yon gorgeous sun on high
"Shall veil the sparkling of his eye!
"Live, when imperial Time and Death himself shall
die!"

A. T.

‘ALL JOYOUS IN THE REALMS OF DAY’

“Hominum divomque pater.”
VIRGIL

ALL joyous in the realms of day,
The radiant angels sing,
In incorruptible array,
Before the Eternal King.

Who, hymn’d by archangelic tongues,
In majesty and might,
The subject of ten thousand songs,
Sits veil’d in circling light.

Benignly great, serenely dread,
Amid th’ immortal choir,
How glory plays around his head
In rays of heavenly fire!

Before the blaze of Deity
The deathless legions bend,
And to the grand co-equal Three
Their choral homage lend.

They laud that God, who has no peers,
High—holy—searchless—pure;
Who has endur'd for countless years,
And ever will endure:

Who spoke, and fish, fowl, beast, in pairs,
Or swam, or flew, or trod;
Space glitter'd with unnumber'd stars,
And heaving oceans flow'd.

Then let us join our feeble praise
To that which angels give;
And hymns to that great Parent raise,
In whom we breathe and live!

C. T.

GOD'S DENUNCIATIONS AGAINST PHARAOH-HOPHRA, OR APRIES

THOU beast of the flood, who hast said in thy soul,
"I have made me a stream that for ever shall
roll!"*
Thy strength is the flower that shall last but a day,
And thy might is the snow in the sun's burning ray.

Arm, arm from the east, Babylonia's son!
Arm, arm for the battle—the Lord leads thee on!
With the shield of thy fame, and the power of thy
pride,
Arm, arm in thy glory—the Lord is thy guide.

* "Pliny's reproach to the Egyptians, for their vain and foolish pride with regard to the inundations of the Nile, points out one of their most distinguishing characteristics, and recalls to my mind a fine passage of Ezekiel, where God thus speaks to Pharaoh, one of their kings: 'Behold, I am against thee, Pharaoh king of Egypt, the great dragon that lieth in the midst of his rivers, that hath said, MY RIVER IS MINE OWN, AND I HAVE MADE IT FOR MYSELF.'"—ROLLIN, vol. I. p. 216.

Thou shalt come like a storm when the moonlight
is dim,
And the lake's gloomy bosom is full to the brim;
Thou shalt come like the flash in the darkness of
night,
When the wolves of the forest shall howl for
affright.

Woe, woe to thee, Tanis!* thy babes shall be
thrown
By the barbarous hands on the cold marble-stone:
Woe, woe to thee, Nile! for thy stream shall be red
With the blood that shall gush o'er thy billowy bed!

Woe, woe to thee, Memphis! the war-cry is near,
And the child shall be toss'd on the murderer's
spear;
For fiercely he comes in the day of his ire,
With wheels like a whirlwind, and chariots of fire!

* The Scriptural appellations are "Zoan" and "Noph."

A. T.

THE THUNDER-STORM

"Non imitabile fulmen." —VIRGIL.

THE storm is brooding!—I would see it pass,
Observe its tenor, and its progress trace.
How dark and dun the gathering clouds appear,
Their rolling thunders seem to rend the ear!
But faint at first, they slowly, sternly rise,
From mutt'rings low to peals which rock the skies,
As if at first their fury they forbore,
And nurs'd their terrors for a closing roar.
And hark! they rise into a loftier sound,
Creation's trembling objects quake around;
In silent awe the subject-nations hear
Th' appalling crash of elemental war;
The light'ning too each eye in dimness shrouds,
The fiery progeny of clashing clouds,
That carries death upon its blazing wing,
And the keen tortures of th' electric sting:

Not like the harmless flash on summer's eve,
(When no rude blasts their silent slumbers leave,)
Which, like a radiant vision to the eye,
Expands serenely in the placid sky;
It rushes fleeter than the swiftest wind,
And bids attendant thunders wait behind:
Quick—forked—livid, thro' the air it flies,
A moment blazes—dazzles—bursts—and dies:
Another, and another yet, and still
To each replies its own allotted peal.
But see, at last, its force and fury spent,
The tempest slackens, and the clouds are rent:
How sweetly opens on th' enchanted view
The deep-blue sky, more fresh and bright in hue!
A finer fragrance breathes in every vale,
A fuller luxury in every gale;
My ravish'd senses catch the rich perfume,
And Nature smiles in renovated bloom!

C. T.

THE BATTLE-FIELD

"When all is o'er, it is humbling to tread
"O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead!"

BYRON.

THE heat and the chaos of contest are o'er,
To mingle no longer—to madden no more:
And the cold forms of heroes are stretch'd on the
plain;
Those lips cannot breathe thro' the trumpet again!

For the globes of destruction have shatter'd their
might,
The swift and the burning—and wrapt them in
night:
Like lightning, electric and sudden they came;
They took but their life, and they left them their
fame!

I heard, oh! I heard, when, with barbarous bray
They leapt from the mouth of the cannon away;
And the loud-rushing sound of their passage in air
Seem'd to speak in a terrible language—"Beware!"

Farewell to ye, Chieftains! to one and to all,
Who this day have perish'd by sabre or ball;
Ye cannot awake from your desolate sleep—
Unbroken and silent and dreamless and deep!

C. T.

THE GRAVE OF A SUICIDE

HARK! how the gale, in mournful notes and stern,
Sighs thro' yon grave of aged oaks, that wave
(While down these solitary walks I turn)
Their mingled branches o'er yon lonely grave!

Poor soul! the dawning of thy life was dim;
Frown'd the dark clouds upon thy natal day;
Soon rose thy cup of sorrow to the brim,
And hope itself but shed a doubtful ray.

That hope had fled, and all within was gloom;
That hope had fled—thy woe to phrenzy grew;
For thou, wed to misery from the womb—
Scarce one bright scene thy night of darkness knew!

Oft when the moon-beam on the cold bank sleeps,
  Where 'neath the dewy turf thy form is laid,
In silent woe thy wretched mother weeps,
  By this lone tomb, and by this oak-tree's shade.

"Oh! softly tread: in death he slumbers here;
  "'Tis here," she cries, "within his narrow cell!"—
The bitter sob, the wildly-starting tear,
  The quivering lip, proclaim the rest too well!

A. T.

ON THE

DEATH OF LORD BYRON

"Unus tanta dedit?—dedit et majora daturus
"Ni celeri letho corriperetur, erat."

DON MANUEL DE SOUZA COUTINO'S
EPITAPH ON CAMOENS.

THE hero and the bard is gone!
His bright career on earth is done,
Where with a comet's blaze he shone.

He died—where vengeance arms the brave,
Where buried freedom quits her grave,
In regions of the eastern wave.

Yet not before his ardent lay
Had bid them chase all fear away,
And taught their trumps a bolder bray.

Thro' him their ancient valour glows,
And, stung by thraldom's scathing woes,
They rise again, as once they rose.*

As once in conscious glory bold,
To war their sounding cars they roll'd,
Uncrush'd, untrampled, uncontroll'd!

Each drop that gushes from their side,
Will serve to swell the crimson tide,
That soon shall whelm the Moslem's pride!

At last upon their lords they turn,
At last the shame of bondage learn,
At last they feel their fetters burn! †

Oh! how the heart expands to see
An injur'd people all agree
To burst those fetters and be free!

Each far-fam'd mount that cleaves the skies,
Each plain where buried glory lies,
All, all exclaim—"Awake! arise!"

* A little exaggeration may be pardoned on a subject so inspiring.
† The enthusiasm the noble Poet excited reminds us of Tyrtæus.

Who would not feel their wrongs? and who
Departed freedom would not rue,
With all her trophies in his view?

To see imperial Athens reign,
And, towering o'er the vassal main,
Rise in embattled strength again—

To see rough Sparta train once more
Her infants' ears for battle's roar,
Stern, dreadful, chainless, as before—

Was Byron's hope—was Byron's aim·
With ready heart and hand he came,
But perish'd in that path of fame!

C T.

THE WALK AT MIDNIGHT

"Tremulo sub lumine."
VIRGIL.

SOFT, shadowy moon-beam! by thy light
Sleeps the wide meer serenely pale:
How various are the sounds of night,
Borne on the scarcely-rising gale!

The swell of distant brook is heard,
Whose far-off waters faintly roll;
And piping of the shrill small bird,
Arrested by the wand'ring owl.

Come hither! let us thread with care
The maze of this green path, which binds
The beauties of the broad parterre,
And thro' yon fragrant alley winds.

Or on this old bench will we sit,
  Round which the clust'ring woodbine wreathes;
While birds of night around us flit;
  And thro' each lavish wood-walk breathes,

Unto my ravish'd senses, brought
  From yon thick-woven odorous bowers,
The still rich breeze, with incense fraught
  Of glowing fruits and spangled flowers.

The whispering leaves, the gushing stream,
  Where trembles the uncertain moon,
Suit more the poet's pensive dream,
  Than all the jarring notes of noon.

Then, to the thickly-crowded mart
  The eager sons of interest press;
Then, shine the tinsel works of art—
  Now, all is Nature's loneliness!

Then, wealth aloft in state displays
  The glittering of her gilded cars;
Now, dimly stream the mingled rays
  Of yon far-twinkling, silver stars.

Yon church, whose cold grey spire appears
In the black outline of the trees,
Conceals the object of my tears,
Whose form in dreams my spirit sees.

There in the chilling bed of earth,
The chancel's letter'd stone above—
There sleepeth she who gave me birth,
Who taught my lips the hymn of love!

Yon mossy stems of ancient oak,
So widely crown'd with sombre shade,
Those ne'er have heard the woodman's stroke
Their solemn, secret depths invade.

How oft the grassy way I've trod
That winds their knotty boles between,
And gather'd from the blooming sod
The flowers that flourish'd there unseen!

Rise! let us trace that path once more,
While o'er our track the cold beams shine;
Down this low shingly vale, and o'er
Yon rude rough bridge of prostrate pine.

A. T.

THE BARD'S FAREWELL

"The King, sensible that nothing kept alive the ideas of military valour and of ancient glory so much as the traditional poetry of the people—which, assisted by the power of music and the jollity of festivals, made deep impression on the minds of the youth—gathered together all the Welsh Bards, and from a barbarous, though not absurd policy, ordered them to be put to death."—HUME.

SNOWDON! thy cliffs shall hear no more
This deep-ton'd harp again;
But banner-cry and battle-roar
Shall form a fiercer strain!

O'er thy sweet chords, my magic lyre!
What future hand shall stray?
What brain shall feel thy master's fire
Or frame his matchless lay?

Well might the crafty Edward fear:
Should I but touch thy chord,
Its slightest sound would couch the spear,
And bare the indignant sword!

Full well he knew the wizard-spell
  That dwelt upon thy string;
And trembled, when he heard thy swell
  Thro' Snowdon's caverns ring!

These eyes shall sleep in death's dull night,
  This hand all nerveless lie,
E'er once again yon orb of light
  Break o'er the clear blue sky!

And thou, by Hell's own furies nurst,
  Unfurl thy banner's pride!
But know that, living, thee I curs'd;
  And, cursing thee, I died!

C. T.

MITHRIDATES PRESENTING BERENICE WITH THE CUP OF POISON

OH! Berenice, lorn and lost,
  This wretched soul with shame is bleeding:
Oh! Berenice, I am tost
  By griefs, like wave to wave succeeding.

Fall'n Pontus! all her fame is gone,
  And dim the splendour of her glory;
Low in the west her evening sun,
  And dark the lustre of her story.

Dead is the wreath that round her brow
  The glowing hands of Honour braided;
What change of fate can wait her now,
  Her sceptre spoil'd, her throne degraded?

And wilt thou, wilt thou basely go,
  My love, thy life, thy country shaming,
In all the agonies of woe,
  Mid madd'ning shouts, and standards flaming?

And wilt thou, wilt thou basely go,
  Proud Rome's triumphal car adorning?
Hark! hark! I hear thee answer "No!"
  The proffer'd life of thraldom scorning.

Lone, crownless, destitute, and poor,
  My heart with bitter pain is burning;
So thick a cloud of night hangs o'er,
  My daylight into darkness turning.

Yet though my spirit, bow'd with ill,
  Small hope from future fortune borrows;
One glorious thought shall cheer me still,
  That thou art free from abject sorrows—

Art free for ever from the strife
  Of slavery's pangs and tearful anguish;
For life is death, and death is life,
  To those whose limbs in fetters languish.

Fill high the bowl! the draught is thine!
The Romans!—now thou need'st not heed them!
'Tis nobler than the noblest wine—
It gives thee back to fame and freedom!

The scalding tears my cheek bedew;
My life, my love, my all—we sever!
One last embrace, one long adieu,
And then farewell—farewell for ever!

In reality Mithridates had no personal interview with Monima and Berenice before the deaths of those princesses, but on y sent his eunuch Bacchidas to signify his intention that they should die. I have chosen Berenice as the more general name, though Monima was his peculiar favourite.

A. T.

EPIGRAM

MEDEA'S herbs her magic gave—
They taught her how to kill or save:
No foreign aid could'st thou devise,
For in thyself thy magic lies.

C. T.

EPIGRAM ON A MUSICIAN,

WHOSE HARP-STRINGS WERE CRACKED FROM WANT OF USING

"WHY dost thou not *string thine old Harp?*" says a friend:
"Thy complaints," replied Dolce, "I think never end;
"I've reason enough to remember the thing,
"For you always are *harping upon the old string.*"

(?)

ON BEING ASKED FOR A SIMILE,

TO ILLUSTRATE THE ADVANTAGE OF KEEPING THE PASSIONS SUBSERVIENT TO REASON

As the sharp, pungent taste is the glory of mustard,
But, if heighten'd, would trouble your touchy papillæ;
As a few laurel-leaves add a relish to custard,
But, if many, would fight with your stomach and kill ye:—

So the passions, if freed from the precincts of reason,
Have noxious effects—but if duly confined, sir,
Are useful, no doubt—this each writer agrees on:
So I've dish'd up a simile just to your mind, sir.

C. T.

THE OLD CHIEFTAIN

"And said I, that my limbs were old!"
SCOTT.

RAISE, raise the song of the hundred shells!
Though my hair is grey and my limbs are cold;
Yet in my bosom proudly dwells
The memory of the days of old;

When my voice was high, and my arm was strong,
And the foeman before my stroke would bow,
And I could have rais'd the sounding song
As loudly as I hear ye now.

For when I have chanted the bold song of death,
Not a page would have stay'd in the hall,
Not a lance in the rest, not a sword in the sheath,
Not a shield on the dim grey wall.

And who might resist the united powers
Of battle and music that day,
When, all martiall'd in arms on the heaven-kissing
towers,
Stood the chieftains in peerless array?

When our enemies sunk from our eyes as the snow
Which falls down the stream in the dell,
When each word that I spake was the death of a foe,
And each note of my harp was his knell?

So raise ye the song of the hundred shells;
Though my hair is grey and my limbs are cold,
Yet in my bosom proudly dwells
The memory of the days of old!

A. T.

APOLLONIUS RHODIUS'S COMPLAINT *

WITH cutting taunt they bade me lay
My high-strung harp aside,
As if I dare not soar away
On Fancy's plume of pride!

Oh! while there's image in my brain
And vigour in my hand,
The first shall frame the soul-fraught strain,
The last these chords command!

'Tis true, I own, the starting tear
Has swell'd into mine eye,
When she, whose hand the plant should rear,
Could bid it fade and die:

* This eminent Poet, resenting the unworthy treatment of the Alexandrians, quitted their city, where he had been for some time librarian, and retired to Rhodes.

But, deaf to cavil, spite, and scorn,
  I still must wake the lyre;
And still, on Fancy's pinions borne,
  To Helicon aspire.

And all the ardent lays I pour,
  Another realm shall claim;
My name shall live—a foreign shore
  Shall consecrate my name.

My country's * scorn I will not brook,
  But she shall rue it long;
And Rhodes shall bless the hour she took
  The exil'd child of song.

* Alexandria, however, was not his native city: he was born at Naucratis.

C. T.

THE FALL OF JERUSALEM

JERUSALEM! Jerusalem!
  Thou art low! thou mighty one,
How is the brilliance of thy diadem,
  How is the lustre of thy throne
Rent from thee, and thy sun of fame
  Darkened by the shadowy pinion
    Of the Roman bird, whose sway
    All the tribes of earth obey,
  Crouching 'neath his dread dominion,
And the terrors of his name!

How is thy royal seat—whereon
    Sate in days of yore
Lowly Jesse's godlike son,
And the strength of Solomon,
  In those rich and happy times
    When the ships from Tarshish bore

Incense, and from Ophir's land,
With silken sail and cedar oar,
Wafting to Judea's strand
All the wealth of foreign climes—
How is thy royal seat o'erthrown!
Gone is all thy majesty:
Salem! Salem! city of kings,
Thou sittest desolate and lone,
Where once the glory of the Most High
Dwelt visibly enshrin'd between the wings
Of Cherubims, within whose bright embrace
The golden mercy-seat remain'd:
Land of Jehovah! view that sacred place
Abandon'd and profan'd!

Wail! fallen Salem! Wail:
Mohammed's votaries pollute thy fane;
The dark division of thine holy veil
Is rent in twain!
Thrice hath Sion's crowned rock
Seen thy temple's marble state,
Awfully, serenely great,
Towering on his sainted brow,
Rear its pinnacles of snow:
Thrice, with desolating shock,
Down to earth hath seen it driv'n
From his heights, which reach to heaven!

Wail, fallen Salem ! Wail :
Though not one stone above another
There was left to tell the tale
Of the greatness of thy story,
Yet the long lapse of ages cannot smother
The blaze of thine abounding glory ;
Which thro' the mist of rolling years,
O'er history's darken'd page appears,
Like the morning star, whose gleam
Gazeth thro' the waste of night,
What time old ocean's purple stream
In his cold surge hath deeply lav'd
Its ardent front of dewy light.
Oh ! who shall e'er forget thy bands, which brav'd
The terrors of the desert's barren reign,
And that strong arm which broke the chain
Wherein ye foully lay enslav'd,
Or that sublime Theocracy which pav'd
Your way thro' ocean's vast domain,
And on, far on to Canaan's emerald plain
Led the Israelitish crowd
With a pillar and a cloud ?

Signs on earth and signs on high
Prophesied thy destiny ;

A trumpet's voice above thee rung,
A starry sabre o'er thee hung;
Visions of fiery armies, redly flashing
In the many-colour'd glare
Of the setting orb of day;
And flaming chariots, fiercely dashing,
Swept along the peopled air,
In magnificent array:
The temple doors, on brazen hinges crashing,
Burst open with appalling sound,
A wond'rous radiance streaming round!

"Our blood be on our heads!" ye said:
Such your awless imprecation:
Full bitterly at length 'twas paid
Upon your captive nation!
Arms of adverse legions bound thee,
Plague and pestilence stood round thee;
Seven weary suns had brightened Syria's sky,
Yet still was heard th' unceasing cry—
"From south, north, east, and west, a voice,
"Woe unto thy sons and daughters!
"Woe to Salem! thou art lost!"
A sound divine
Came from the sainted, secret, inmost shrine:
"Let us go hence!"—and then a noise—

The thunders of the parting Deity,
Like the rush of countless waters,
Like the murmur of a host!

Though now each glorious hope be blighted,
Yet an hour shall come, when ye,
Though scatter'd like the chaff, shall be
Beneath one standard once again united;
When your wandering race shall own,
Prostrate at the dazzling throne
Of your high Almighty Lord,
The wonders of his searchless word,
Th' unfading splendours of his Son!

A. T.

SHORT EULOGIUM ON HOMER

IMMORTAL Bard! thy warlike lay
Demands the greenest, brightest bay,
That ever wreath'd the brow
Of minstrel bending o'er his lyre,
With ardent hand and soul of fire,
Or then, or since, or now!

C. T.

LAMENTATION OF THE PERUVIANS

The foes of the east have come down on our shore,
And the state and the strength of Peru are no more:
Oh! curs'd, doubly curs'd, was that desolate hour,
When they spread o'er our land in the pride of their
power!
Lament for the Inca, the son of the Sun;
Ataliba's fallen—Peru is undone!

Pizarro! Pizarro! though conquest may wing
Her course round thy banners that wanton in air;
Yet remorse to thy grief-stricken conscience shall cling
And shriek o'er thy banquets in sounds of despair.
It shall tell thee, that he who beholds from his throne
The blood thou hast spilt and the deeds thou hast
done,
Shall mock at thy fear, and rejoice at thy groan,
And arise in his wrath for the death of his son!

Why blew ye, ye gales, when the murderer came?
Why fann'd ye the fire, and why fed ye the flame?
Why sped ye his sails o'er the ocean so blue?
Are ye also combin'd for the fall of Peru?
And thou, whom no prayers, no entreaties can bend,
Thy crimes and thy murders to heav'n shall ascend:
For vengeance the ghosts of our forefathers call;
At thy threshold, Pizarro, in death shalt thou fall!
Ay there—even there in the halls of thy pride,
With the blood of thine heart shall thy portals be dyed!

Lo! dark as the tempests that frown from the north,
From the cloud of past time Manco Capac looks
forth—
Great Inca! to whom the gay day-star gave birth,
Whose throne is the heaven, and whose foot-stool the
earth—
His visage is sad as the vapours that rise
From the desolate mountain of fire to the skies;
But his eye flashes flame as the light'nings that streak
Those volumes that shroud the volcano's high peak.
Hark! he speaks—bids us fly to our mountains, and
cherish
Bold freedom's last spark ere for ever it perish;
Bids us leave these wild condors to prey on each other,
Each to bathe his fierce beak in the gore of his brother!

This symbol we take of our godhead the Sun,
And curse thee and thine for the deeds thou hast done.
May the curses pursue thee of those thou hast slain,
Of those that have fallen in war on the plain,
When we went forth to greet ye—but foully ye threw
Your dark shots of death on the sons of Peru.
May the curse of the widow—the curse of the brave—
The curse of the fatherless, cleave to thy grave!
And the words which they spake with their last dying
breath,
Embitter the pangs and the tortures of death!

May he that assists thee be childless and poor,
With famine behind him, and death at his door:
May his nights be all sleepless, his days spent alone,
And ne'er may he list to a voice but his own!
Or, if he shall sleep, in his dreams may he view
The ghost of our Inca, the fiends of Peru:
May the flames of destruction that here he has spread
Be tenfold return'd on his murderous head!

A. T.

'A SISTER, SWEET ENDEARING NAME!

"Why should we mourn for the blest?"
BYRON.

A SISTER, sweet endearing name!
  Beneath this tomb-stone sleeps;
A brother (who such tears could blame?)
  In pensive anguish weeps.

I saw her when in health she wore
  A soft and matchless grace,
And sportive pleasures wanton'd o'er
  The dimples of her face.

I saw her when the icy wind
  Of sickness froze her bloom;
I saw her (bitterest stroke!) consign'd
  To that cold cell—the tomb!

Oh! when I heard the crumbling mould
  Upon her coffin fall,
And thought within she lay so cold,
  And knew that worms would crawl

O'er her sweet cheek's once lovely dye,
  I shudder'd as I turn'd
From the sad spot, and in mine eye
  The full warm tear-drop burn'd.

Again I come—again I feel
  Reflection's poignant sting,
As I retrace my sister's form,
  And back her image bring.

Herself I cannot—from the sod
  She will not rise again;
But this sweet thought—"She rests with God,"
  Relieves a brother's pain.

C. T.

OH! NEVER MAY FROWNS AND DISSENSION MOLEST'

"Ipse meique
"Ante Larem proprium."

HORACE.

OH! never may frowns and dissension molest
The pleasure I find at the social hearth;
A pleasure the dearest—the purest—the best
Of all that are found or enjoy'd on the earth!

For who could e'er traverse this valley of tears,
Without the dear comforts of friendship and home;
And bear all the dark disappointments and fears,
Which chill most of our joys and annihilate some?

Vain, bootless pursuers of honour and fame!
'Tis idle to tell ye, what soon ye must prove—
That honour's a bawble, and glory a name,
When put in the balance with friendship and love.

For when by fruition their pleasure is gone,
We think of them no more—they but charm for a while;
When the objects of love and affection are flown,
With pleasure we cling to their memories still!

C. T.

'THE SUN GOES DOWN IN THE DARK BLUE MAIN'

'Irreparabile tempus

VIRGIL.

THE sun goes down in the dark blue main,
To rise the brighter to-morrow;
But oh! what charm can restore again
Those days now consign'd to sorrow?

The moon goes down on the calm still night,
To rise sweeter than when she parted;
But oh! what charm can restore the light
Of joy to the broken-hearted?

The blossoms depart in the wintry hour,
To rise in vernal glory;
But oh! what charm can restore the flower
Of youth to the old and hoary?

A: T.

'STILL, MUTE, AND MOTIONLESS SHE LIES'

"Belle en sa fleur d'adolescence."
BERQUIN.

"Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay."
YOUNG.

STILL, mute, and motionless she lies,
The mist of death has veil'd her eyes.
And is that bright-red lip so pale,
Whose hue was freshen'd by a gale
More sweet than summer e'er could bring
To fan her flowers with balmy wing!
Thy breath, the summer gale, is fled,
And leaves thy lip, the flow'r, decay'd.
When I was young, with fostering care
I rear'd a tulip bright and fair,
And saw its lovely leaves expand,
The labour of my infant-hand.
But winter came—its varied dye
Each morn grew fainter to mine eye;

Till, with'ring, it was bright no more,
Nor bloom'd as it was wont before:
And gazing there in boyish grief,
Upon the dull and alter'd leaf,
"Alas! sweet flower," I cried in vain,
"Would I could bid thee blush again!"
So now, "Return, thou crimson dye,
"To Celia's lip!" I wildly cry;
And steal upon my hopeless view,
And flush it with reviving hue,
Soft as the early vermeil given
To the dim paleness of the heaven;
When slowly gaining on the sight,
It breaks upon the cheerless white.
It is an idle wish—a dream—
I may not see the glaz'd eye beam;
I may not warm the damps of death,
Or link again the scatter'd wreath;
Array in leaves the wintry scene,
Or make parch'd Afric's deserts green;
Replace the rose-bud on the tree,
Or breathe the breath of life in thee.

C. T.

ON A DEAD ENEMY

"Non odi mortuum."—CICERO.

I CAME in haste with cursing breath,
  And heart of hardest steel;
But when I saw thee cold in death,
  I felt as man should feel.

For when I look upon that face,
  That cold, unheeding, frigid brow,
Where neither rage nor fear has place,
  By Heaven! I cannot hate thee now!

A. T.

LINES*

"Cur pendet tacita fistula cum lyra?"
HORACE.

WHENCE is it, friend, that thine enchanting lyre,
Of wizard charm, should thus in silence lie?
Ah! why not boldly sweep its chords of fire,
And rouse to life its latent harmony?

Thy fancy, fresh—exuberant—boundless—wild,
Like the rich herbage of thy Plata's shore,
By Song's resistless witchery beguil'd,
Would then transport us, since it charm'd before!

For if thy vivid thoughts possess'd a spell,
Which chain'd our ears, and fix'd attention's gaze,
As at the social board we heard thee tell
Of Chili's woods and Orellana's maze—

* Occasioned by hearing an ardent and beautiful description of the scenery of Southern America given by a gentleman, whom the author persuaded to put his ideas into the language of poetry.

How will they, deck'd in Song's enlivening grace,
  Demand our praise, with added beauties told;
How in thy potent language shall we trace
  Those thoughts more vigorous and those words
      more bold!

C. T.

THE DUKE OF ALVA'S OBSERVATION ON KINGS *

KINGS, when to private audience they descend,
And make the baffled courtier their prey,
Do use an orange, as they treat a friend—
Extract the juice, and cast the rind away.

When thou art favour'd by thy sovereign's eye,
Let not his glance thine inmost thoughts discover;
Or he will scan thee through, and lay thee by,
Like some old book which he has read all over.

* See D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature.*

A. T.

'AH! YES, THE LIP MAY FAINTLY SMILE'

Ah! yes, the lip may faintly smile,
The eye may sparkle for a while;
But never from that wither'd heart
The consciousness of ill shall part!

That glance, that smile of passing light,
Are as the rainbow of the night;
But seldom seen, it dares to bloom
Upon the bosom of the gloom.

Its tints are sad and coldly pale,
Dim-glimmering thro' their misty veil;
Unlike the ardent hues which play
Along the flowery bow of day.

The moon-beams sink in dark-rob'd shades,
Too soon the airy vision fades;
And double night returns, to shroud
The volumes of the showery cloud.

A. T. (?)

'THOU CAMEST TO THY BOWER, MY LOVE, ACROSS THE MUSKY GROVE'

"Virgo egregia forma."—TERENCE.

THOU camest to thy bower, my love, across the musky grove,
To fan thy blooming charms within the coolness of the shade;
Thy locks were like a midnight cloud with silver moon-beams wove,*
And o'er thy face the varying tints of youthful passion play'd.

Thy breath was like the sandal-wood that casts a rich perfume,
Thy blue eyes mock'd the lotos in the noon-day of his bloom;
Thy cheeks were like the beamy flush that gilds the breaking day,
And in th' ambrosia of thy smiles the god of rapture lay.†

* A simile elicited from the songs of Jayadeva, the Horace of India.
† Vide Horace's ODE—"Pulchris EXCUBAT in genis."

Fair as the cairba-stone art thou, that stone of dazzling white,*
Ere yet unholy fingers chang'd its milk-white hue to night;
And lovelier than the loveliest glance from Even's placid star,
And brighter than the sea of gold,† the gorgeous Himsagar.

In high Mohammed's boundless heaven Al Cawthor's stream may play,
The fount of youth may sparkling gush beneath the western ray; ‡
And Tasnim's wave in chrystal cups may glow with musk and wine,
But oh! their lustre could not match one beauteous tear of thine!

* Vide Sale's *Koran*.

† See Sir William Jones on Eastern Plants.

‡ The fabled fountain of youth in the Bahamas, in search of which Juan Ponce de Leon discovered Florida.

A. T.

TO ——

AND shall we say the rose is sweet,
  Nor grant that claim to thee,
In whom the loveliest virtues meet
  In social harmony?

And shall we call the lily pure,
  Nor grant that claim to thee,
Whose taintless, spotless soul is, sure,
  The shrine of purity?

And shall we say the sun is bright,
  Nor grant that claim to thee,
Whose form and mind with equal light
  Both beam so radiantly?

C. T.

THE PASSIONS

"You have passions in your heart—scorpions; they sleep now—beware how you awaken them! they will sting you even to death!"—*Mysteries of Udolpho*, vol. iii.

BEWARE, beware, ere thou takest
  The draught of misery!
Beware, beware, e'er thou wakest
  The scorpions that sleep in thee!

The woes which thou canst not number,
  As yet are wrapt in sleep;
Yet oh! yet they slumber,
  But their slumbers are not deep.

Yet oh! yet while the rancour
  Of hate has no place in thee,
While thy buoyant soul has an anchor
  In youth's bright tranquil sea:

Yet oh ! yet while the blossom
  Of hope is blooming fair,
While the beam of bliss lights thy bosom—
  O ! rouse not the serpent there !

For bitter thy tears will trickle
  'Neath misery's heavy load,
When the world has put in its sickle
  To the crop which fancy sow'd.

When the world has rent the cable
  That bound thee to the shore,
And launched thee weak and unable
  To bear the billow's roar ;

Then the slightest touch will waken
  Those pangs that will always grieve thee,
And thy soul will be fiercely shaken
  With storms that will never leave thee !

So beware, beware, ere thou takest
  The draught of misery !
Beware, beware, ere thou wakest
  The scorpions that sleep in thee !

A. T.

THE HIGH-PRIEST TO ALEXANDER

> "Derrame en todo el orbe de la tierra
> "Las armas, el furor, y nueva guerra."
>
> *La Araucana*, cant. xvi.

Go forth, thou man of force!
  The world is all thine own;
Before thy dreadful course
  Shall totter every throne.
Let India's jewels glow
  Upon thy diadem:
Go, forth to conquest go,
  But spare Jerusalem.
    For the God of gods, which liveth
      Through all eternity,
    'Tis he alone which giveth
      And taketh victory:
    'Tis he the bow that blasteth,
      And breaketh the proud one's quiver;
    And the Lord of armies resteth
      In his Holy of Holies for ever!

For God is Salem's spear,
  And God is Salem's sword;
What mortal man shall dare
  To combat with the Lord?
Every knee shall bow
  Before his awful sight;
Every thought sink low
  Before the Lord of might.
    For the God of gods, which liveth
      Through all eternity,
    'Tis he alone which giveth
      And taketh victory:
    'Tis he the bow that blasteth,
      And breaketh the proud one's quiver;
    And the Lord of armies resteth
      In his Holy of Holies for ever!

A. T.

'THE DEW, WITH WHICH THE EARLY MEAD IS DREST'

"Spes nunquam implenda. LUCRETIUS

THE dew, with which the early mead is drest,
  Which fell by night inaudible and soft,
Mocks the foil'd eye that would its hues arrest,
  That glance, and change so quickly and so oft.

So in this fruitless sublunary waste,
  This trance of life, this unsubstantial show,
Each hope we grasp at flies, to be replac'd
  By one as fair and as fallacious too.

His limbs encas'd in aromatic wax,
  The jocund bee hies home his hoard to fill
On human joys there lies the heavy tax
  Of hope unrealiz'd, and beck'ning still.

But why with earth's vile fuel should we feed
  Those hopes which heaven and heaven alone
    should claim?
Why should we lean upon a broken reed,
  Or chase a meteor's evanescent flame?

O man! relinquish Passion's baleful joys,
  And bend at Virtue's pure unsullied shrine;
Oh! learn her chaste and hallow'd glow to prize,
  Bright—unalloy'd—ineffable—divine!

C. T.

ON THE MOON-LIGHT SHINING UPON A FRIEND'S GRAVE

Show not, O Moon! with pure and liquid beam,
  That mournful spot, where Memory fears to
    tread;
Glance on the grove, or quiver in the stream,
  Or tip the hills—but shine not on the dead:
It wounds the lonely hearts that still survive,
And after bury'd friends are doom'd to live.

A. T. (?)

A CONTRAST

Do'ST ask why Laura's soul is riven
By pangs her prudence can't command?
To one who heeds not she has giv'n
Her *heart*, alas! *without her hand.*

But Chloe claims our sympathy,
To wealth a martyr and a slave;
For when the knot she dar'd to tie,
Her hand without her heart she gave.

A. T.

EPIGRAM

A SAINT by soldiers fetter'd lay;
An angel took his bonds away.
An angel put the chains on me;
And 'tis a soldier sets me free. *

* The reader must suppose a young man deeply in love, but persuaded by a friend in the army to lead a military life, and forget the charms of the siren who cramped the vigour of his soul.

C. T.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN

> "It cannot die, it cannot stay,
> "But leaves its darken'd dust behind."
>
> BYRON.

I DIE—my limbs with icy feeling
  Bespeak that Death is near;
His frozen hand each pulse is stealing;
  Yet still I do not fear!

There is a hope—not frail as that
  Which rests on human things—
The hope of an immortal state,
  And with the King of kings!

And ye may gaze upon my brow,
  Which is not sad, tho' pale;
These hope-illumin'd features show
  But little to bewail.

Death should not chase the wonted bloom
  From off the Christian's face ;
Ill prelude of the bliss to come,
  Prepar'd by heavenly grace.

Lament no more—no longer weep
  That I depart from men ;
Brief is the intermediate sleep,
  And bliss awaits me then !

A. T. or C. T.

'THOSE WORLDLY GOODS THAT, DISTANT, SEEM'

THOSE worldly goods that, distant, seem
With every joy and bliss to teem,
Are spurn'd as trivial when possess'd,
And, when acquir'd, delight us least:
As torrent-rainbows,* which appear
Still dwindling as we still draw near;
And yet contracting on the eye,
Till the bright circling colours die.

* The term "Rainbows" is not exactly applicable here, as I mean the bow after it has assumed the circular figure. "The sun shining full upon it (viz. the Fall of Staubbach) formed towards the bottom of the fall a miniature rainbow extremely bright: while I stood at some distance, the rainbow assumed a semicircular figure; as I approached, the extreme points gradually coincided, and formed a complete circle of the most lively and brilliant colours. In order to have a still fairer view, I ventured nearer and nearer, the circle at the same time becoming smaller and smaller: and as I stood quite under the fall, it suddenly disappeared."
COXE'S *Switzerland.*

C. T.

'HOW GAILY SINKS THE GORGEOUS SUN WITHIN HIS GOLDEN BED'

> "Tu fais naitre la lumiere
> "Du sein de l'obscurité."
>
> ROUSSEAU.

How gaily sinks the gorgeous sun within his golden
bed,
As heaven's immortal azure glows and deepens into
red!
How gaily shines the burnish'd main beneath that
living light,
And trembles with his million waves magnificently
bright!
But ah! how soon that orb of day must close his
burning eye,
And night, in sable pall array'd, involve yon lovely
sky!
E'en thus in life our fairest scenes are preludes to
our woe;
For fleeting as that glorious beam is happiness
below.

But what? though evil fates may frown upon our
mortal birth,
Yet Hope shall be the star that lights our night of
grief on earth:
And she shall point to sweeter morns, when
brighter suns shall rise,
And spread the radiance of their rays o'er earth,
and sea, and skies!

A. T. (?)

A GLANCE

LADY ! you threw a glance at me,
I knew its meaning well ;
He who has lov'd, and only he,
Its mysteries can tell :
That hieroglyphic of the brain,
Which none but Cupid's priests explain.

* None but the priests could interpret the Egyptian hieroglyphics.

C. T.

'OH! YE WILD WINDS, THAT ROAR AND RAVE'

"It is the great army of the dead returning on the northern blast."
SONG OF THE FIVE BARDS IN OSSIAN.

OH! ye wild winds, that roar and rave
  Around the headland's stormy brow,
That toss and heave the Baltic wave,
  And bid the sounding forest bow,

Whence is your course? and do ye bear
  The sighs of other worlds along,
When through the dark immense of air
  Ye rush in tempests loud and strong?

Methinks, upon your moaning course
  I hear the army of the dead;
Each on his own invisible horse,
  Triumphing in his trackless tread.

For when the moon conceals her ray,
And midnight spreads her darkest veil,
Borne on the air, and far away,
Upon the eddying blasts they sail.

Then, then their thin and feeble bands
Along the echoing winds are roll'd;
The bodyless tribes of other lands!
The formless, misty sons of old!

And then at times their wailings rise,
The shrilly wailings of the grave!
And mingle with the madden'd skies,
The rush of wind, and roar of wave.

Heard you that sound? It was the hum
Of the innumerable host,
As down the northern sky they come,
Lamenting o'er their glories lost.

Now for a space each shadowy king,
Who sway'd of old some mighty realm,
Mounts on the tempest's squally wing,
And grimly frowns thro' barred helm.

Now each dim ghost, with awful yells,
  Uprears on high his cloudy form;
And with his feeble accent swells
  The hundred voices of the storm.

Why leave ye thus the narrow cell,
  Ye lords of night and anarchy!
Your robes the vapours of the dell,
  Your swords the meteors of the sky?

Your bones are whitening on the heath;
  Your fame is in the minds of men:
And would ye break the sleep of death,
  That ye might live to war again?

A. T.

SWITZERLAND

"Tous les objets de mon amour,
"Nos clairs ruisseaux,
"Nos hameaux,
"Nos coteaux,
"Nos montagnes?"

RANZ DES VACHES.

WITH Memory's eye,
Thou land of joy!
I view thy cliffs once more;
And tho' thy plains
Red slaughter stains,
'Tis Freedom's blessed gore.

Thy woody dells,
And shadowy fells,
Exceed a monarch's halls;
Thy pine-clad hills,
And gushing rills,
And foaming water-falls.

The Gallic foe
Has work'd thee woe,
But trumpet never scar'd thee;
How could he think
That thou would'st shrink,
With all thy rocks to guard thee?

E'en now the Gaul,
That wrought thy fall,
At his own triumph wonders;
So long the strife
For death and life,
So loud our rival thunders!

O! when shall Time
Avenge the crime,
And to our rights restore us?
And bid the Seine
Be chok'd with slain,
And Paris quake before us?

A. T. (?)

BABYLON

Come down and sit in the dust O virgin daughter of Babylon sit on the ground there is no throne. —ISAIAH xlvii 1

Bow, daughter of Babylon, bow thee to dust!
Thine heart shall be quell'd, and thy pride shall be
crush'd
Weep, Babylon, weep! for thy splendour is past,
And they come like the storm in the day of the
blast

Howl, desolate Babylon, lost one and lone!
And bind thee in sack-cloth—for where is thy throne?
Like a wine-press in wrath will I trample thee down,
And rend from thy temples the pride of thy crown

Though thy streets be a hundred, thy gates be all brass,
Yet thy proud ones of war shall be wither'd like grass;
Thy gates shall be broken, thy strength be laid low,
And thy streets shall resound to the shouts of the foe!

Though thy chariots of power on thy battlements
bound,
And the grandeur of waters encompass thee round;
Yet thy walls shall be shaken, thy waters shall fail,
Thy matrons shall shriek, and thy king shall be pale.

The terrible day of thy fall is at hand,
When my rage shall descend on the face of thy land;
The lances are pointed, the keen sword is bar'd,
The shields are anointed,* the helmets prepar'd.

I call upon Cyrus! He comes from afar,
And the armies of nations are gather'd to war;
With the blood of thy children his path shall be red,
And the bright sun of conquest shall blaze o'er his
head!

Thou glory of kingdoms! thy princes are drunk,†
But their loins shall be loos'd, and their hearts
shall be sunk;
They shall crouch to the dust, and be counted as
slaves,
At the roll of his wheels, like the rushing of waves!

* "Arise, ye princes, and anoint the shield."—ISAIAH xxi. 5.
† "I will make drunk her princes."—JEREMIAH li. 57.

For I am the Lord, who have mightily spann'd
The breadth of the heavens, and the sea and the land;
And the mountains shall flow at my presence,* and earth
Shall reel to and fro in the glance of my wrath!

Your proud domes of cedar on earth shall be thrown,
And the rank grass shall wave o'er the lonely hearth-
stone;
And your sons and your sires and your daughters shall
bleed
By the barbarous hands of the murdering Mede!

I will sweep ye away in destruction and death,
As the whirlwind that scatters the chaff with its breath;
And the fanes of your gods shall be sprinkled with gore,
And the course of your stream shall be heard of no
more! †

There the wandering Arab shall ne'er pitch his tent,
But the beasts of the desert shall wail and lament;
In their desolate houses the dragons shall lie,
And the satyrs shall dance, and the bittern shall cry! ‡

* "The mountains melted from before the Lord."—JUDG. v. 5. "Oh! that the mountains might flow down at thy presence!"—ISAIAH lxiv. 1. And again, ver. 3, "The mountains flowed down at thy presence."

† "A drought is upon her waters."—JEREM. l. 38.

‡ Vide ISAIAH xiii. 20.

A. T.

THE SLIGHTED LOVER

"Spes animi credula mutui."
HORACE.

I LOV'D a woman, and too fondly thought
The vows she made were constant and sincere;
But now, alas! in agony am taught,
That she is faithless—I no longer dear!

Why was I phrenzied when her bright black eye,
With ray pernicious, flash'd upon my gaze?
Why did I burn with feverish ecstacy,
Stung with her scorn, and ravish'd with her praise?

Would that her loveliness of form and mind
Had only kindled friendship's calmer glow
Then had I been more tranquil and resign'd,
And her neglect had never touch'd me so.

But with such peerless charms before his sight,
  Who would not own resistless Love's control?
Feel the deep thrilling of intense delight,
  And lose at once the balance of his soul?

Such was my fate—one sole enchanting hope,
  One darling object from all else I chose:
That hope is gone—its blighted blossoms droop;
  And where shall hopeless passion find repose?

C. T.

‘OH! WERE THIS HEART OF HARDEST STEEL’

“Vultus nimium lubricus aspici.”
HORACE.

OH! were this heart of hardest steel,
That steel should yield to thee;
And tho’ nought else could make it feel,
’Twould melt thy form to see:
That eye, that cheek, that lip, possess
Such fascinating loveliness!

The first may claim whatever praise
By amorous bard is paid;
In the dark lightning of its rays
I view thy soul pourtray’d:
And in that soul what light must be,
When it imparts so bounteously!

Thy cheek, e'en in its humblest bloom,
  Like rich carnation glows;
But when the mantling blushes come,
  How fades the brightest rose!
Dead the fine hues, the beauty dead,
And coarse the velvet of its head.

Th' anemone's deep crimson dye
  Beams on thy lip's red charm;
Thy voice is more than harmony,
  Thy breath as sweet as balm:
But still more balmy would it be,
Would it but waft one sigh for me.

To gaze on thee is ecstacy,
  Is ecstacy—but pain:
Such is thy lip, thy cheek, thine eye,
  I gaze, and gaze again:
Oh! might those three bright features bear
For me a kiss—a blush—a tear!

C. T.

'CEASE, RAILER, CEASE! UNTHINKING MAN'

"Cur in amicorum vitiis tam cernis acutum,
"Quam aut aquila, aut serpens Epidaurius?"

HORACE.

CEASE, railer, cease! unthinking man,
  Is every virtue found in thee?
How plain another's faults we scan,
  Our own how faintly do we see!

So one, who roves o'er marshy ground
  When evening fogs the scene obscure,
Sees vapour hang on all things round,
  And falsely deems his station pure!

C. T.

'IN WINTER'S DULL AND CHEERLESS REIGN'

"Deme supercilio nubem."

HORACE.

IN winter's dull and cheerless reign,
  What flower could ever glow?
Beneath the ice of thy disdain,
  What song could ever flow?

Restore thy smile!—beneath its ray
  The flower of verse shall rise;
And all the ice that froze my lay
  Be melted by thine eyes!

C. T.

ANACREONTIC

"Insanire juvat."—HORACE.

LET others of wealth and emolument dream,
At profits exult, and at losses repine;
Far different my object, far different my theme—
Warm love and frank friendship, and roses and wine!

Let other dull clods, without fancy or fire,
Give my dear friend of Teos a mere poet's due;
Discarding his morals, his fancy admire,
I deem him a bard, and a moralist too.

Ye sober, ye specious, ye sage, ye discreet!
Your joys in perspective I never could brook;
With rapture I seize on whatever is sweet,
Real, positive, present—no further I look.

I will not be fetter'd by maxims or duties ;
The cold charms of ethics I wholly despise :
My hours glide along amid bottles and beauties—
There's nothing to match with old crust and bright eyes !

I vary my cups as his fashions the dandy,
And one day the creatures of gin haunt my brain ;
And the next I depute the same office to brandy ;
And so on, and so on, and the same round again !

I'm a flighty young spark—but I deem myself blest,
And as happy a soul as my clerical brother ;
Tho' the wish of a moment's first half's dispossest
Of its sway o'er my mind, by the wish of the other.

And thou who this wild mode of living despisest,
Sententious and grave, of thy apophthegms boast,
Cry shame of my nostrums : but I know who's wisest,
Makes the best use of life, and enjoys it the most.

C. T.

SUNDAY MOBS

THO' we at times amid the mob may find
A beauteous face, with many a charm combin'd;
Yet still it wants the signature of mind.
On such a face no fine expression dwells,
That eye no inborn dignity reveals;
Tho' bright its jetty orb, as all may see,
The glance is vacant—has no charms for me.
When Sunday's sun is sinking in the west,
Our streets all swarm with numbers gaily drest;
Prankt out in ribbands, and in silks array'd,
To catch the eyes of passing sons of trade.
Then giggling milliners swim pertly by,
Obliquely glancing with a roguish eye;
With short and airy gait they trip along,
And vulgar volubility of tongue;
Their minds well pictur'd in their every tread,
And that slight backward tossing of the head:

But no idea, 'faith, that harbours there,
Is independent of a stomacher.
Their metaphors from gowns and caps are sought,
And stays incorporate with every thought:
And if in passing them I can but spare
A moment's glance—far better thrown elsewhere—
They deem my admiration caught, nor wist
They turn it on an ancient fabulist,
Who aptly pictur'd, in the jack-daw's theft,
These pert aspirers of their wits bereft.
To these, as well as any under heaven,
A well-form'd set of features may be given:
But where's the halo? where's the spell divine?
And the sweet, modest, captivating mien?
"Those tenderer tints that shun the careless eye,"
Where are they?—far from these low groups they fly:
Yes, far indeed!—for here you cannot trace
The flash of intellect along the face;
No vermeil blush e'er spreads its lovely dye,
Herald of genuine sensibility.
These extras, e'en in beauty's absence, charm;
But when combin'd with beauty, how they warm!
These are the charms that will not be withstood,
Sure signs of generous birth and gentle blood.
There is a something I cannot describe,
Beyond th' all-gaining influence of a bribe,

Which stamps the lady in the meanest rout,
And by its sure criterion marks her out;
Pervades each feature, thro' each action flows,
And lends a charm to everything she does;
Which not the weeds of Irus could disguise,
And soon detected wheresoe'er it lies.

C. T.

PHRENOLOGY

"Quorsum hæc tam putida tendunt?"
HORACE.

A CURIOUS sect's in vogue, who deem the soul
Of man is legible upon his poll:
Give them a squint at yonder doctor's pate,
And they'll soon tell you why he dines on plate:
Ask why yon bustling statesman, who for years
Has pour'd his speeches in the senate's ears,
Tho' always in a politician's sweat,
Has hardly grasp'd the seals of office yet?
The problem gravels me—the man's possest
Of talents—this his many schemes attest.
The draw-back, what?—they tell me, looking big,
"His scull was never moulded for intrigue."
Whene'er a culprit has consign'd his breath,
And prov'd the scripture adage—death for death,

With peering eyes the zealous throng appear,
To see if murder juts behind his ear.
So far 'tis barely plausible :—but stay!
I ne'er can muster brass enough, to say
That a rude lump, or bunch too prominent,
Is a bad symbol of a vicious bent.
But when the sages strike another key,
Consorting things that never will agree,
And my consistency of conduct rate
By inequalities upon my pate,*
And make an inharmonious bump the test
Of my delight in concord,†—'tis at best
An awkward system, and not over-wise,
And badly built on incoherencies.
Another lustrum will behold our youth,
With eager souls all panting after truth,
Shrewd Spurzheim's visionary pages turn,
And, with Napoleon's bust before them, learn
Without the agency of what small bone
Quick-lime had ne'er upon a host been thrown :
In what rough rise a trivial sink had sav'd
The towns he burnt, the nations he enslav'd:‡
E'en now, when Harold's minstrel left the scene,
Where such a brilliant meteor he had been,

* The bump of Firmness. † The bump of Tune.

‡ The Corsican's Organ of Destructiveness must have been very prominent.

Thus with the same officiousness of pains,
Gazettes announc'd the volume of his brains.
Rise, Sons of Science and Invention, rise!
Make some new inroad on the starry skies;
Draw from the main some truths unknown before,
Rummage the strata, every nook explore,
To lead mankind from this fantastic lore;
Solve the long-doubted problems pending still,
And these few blanks in nature's annals fill:
Tell us why Saturn rolls begirt with flame?
Whence the red depth of Mars's aspect came?
Are the dark tracts the silver moon displays,
Dusk with the gloom of caverns or of seas?
Think ye, with Olbers, that her glow intense,
Erst deem'd volcanic, is reflected hence?
Are the black spots, which in yon sun appear
Long vistas thro' his flaming atmosphere,
Rents in his fiery robe, thro' which the eye
Gains access to his secret sanctuary?
Or may we that hypothesis explode,
Led by your science nearer to our God?
Shall we, with Glasgow's learned Watt, maintain
That yon bright bow is not produc'd by rain?
Or deem the theory but ill surmis'd,
And call it light (as Brewster) polaris'd?

Tell when the clouds their fleecy load resign,
How the frail nitre-moulded points combine;
What secret cause, when Heaven and ocean greet,
Commands their close, or dictates their retreat.*
On you we rest, to check th' encroaching sway
This outrè science gains from day to day;
Investigation's blood-hound scent employ
On themes more worthy of our scrutiny;
Rob this attractive magnet of its force,
And check this torrent's inundating course.

* The Waterspout.

C. T.

IMAGINATION

PERENNIAL source of rapturous pleasure, hail!
Whose inexhaustive stores can never fail;
Thou ardent inmate of the poet's brain,
Bright as the sun and restless as the main,
From all material Nature's stores at will
Creating, blending, and arranging still;
Things in themselves both beautiful and grand
Receive fresh lustre from thy kindling hand;
And even those whose abstract charms are few,
Thy spell-like touch arrays in colours bright and new.
O! thou art Poetry's informing soul,
Detach'd from thee she stagnates and is dull;
She has no sweets without thee, and from thee
Derives her magic and her majesty;
Thou art th' essential adjunct of her charms,
'Tis by thy aid that she transports and warms:
Nor will I e'er with that weak sect concur,
Who on obscurity alone confer

Thy misapplied and prostituted name—
A false and spurious and ungrounded claim!—
Construct a mass of thoughts uncouth and wild,
Their words involv'd, and meaning quite exil'd;
A mazy labyrinth without a clue,
Wherein they lose themselves and readers too;
The crude abortions of a heated brain,
Where sense and symmetry are sought in vain!
But images both bright and sorted well,
And perspicuity, that crowning spell,
Fervor chastis'd by judgment and by taste,
And language vivid, elegant, and chaste—
These form the poet; in such garb array'd,
Then, Fancy, all thy beauties are display'd;
We feel thy loveliness and own thy sway,
Confess thy magic pow'r, and praise the glowing lay!

C. T.

LOVE

I

Almighty Love! whose nameless power
  This glowing heart defines too well,
Whose presence cheers each fleeting hour,
  Whose silken bonds our souls compel,
  Diffusing such a sainted spell,

As gilds our being with the light
  Of transport and of rapturous bliss,
And almost seeming to unite
  The joys of other worlds to this,
  The heavenly smile, the rosy kiss;—

Before whose blaze my spirits shrink,
  My senses all are wrapt in thee,
Thy force I own too much, to think
  (So full, so great thine ecstacy)
  That thou art less than deity!

Thy golden chains embrace the land,
  The starry sky, the dark blue main;
And at the voice of thy command,
  (So vast, so boundless is thy reign)
  All nature springs to life again!

II

The glittering fly, the wondrous things
  That microscopic art descries;
The lion of the waste, which springs,
  Bounding upon his enemies;
The mighty sea-snake of the storm,
The vorticella's viewless form,*

The vast leviathan, which takes
  His pastime in the sounding floods;
The crafty elephant, which makes
  His haunts in Ceylon's spicy woods—
Alike confess thy magic sway,
Thy soul-enchanting voice obey!

O! whether thou, as bards have said,
  Of bliss or pain the partial giver,
Wingest thy shaft of pleasing dread
  From out thy well-stor'd golden quiver,

* See BAKER on Animalculæ.

O'er earth thy cherub wings extending,
Thy sea born mother's side attending ,—

Or else, as Indian fables say,
Upon thine emerald lory riding,
Through gardens, mid the restless play
Of fountains, in the moon beam gliding,
Mid sylph like shapes of maidens dancing,
Thy scarlet standard high advancing ,—

Thy fragrant bow of cane thou bendest,*
Twanging the string of honey'd bees,
And thence the flower tipp'd arrow sendest,
Which gives or robs the heart of ease ,
Camdeo, or Cupid, O be near,
To listen, and to grant my prayer !

* See Sir William Jones's Works vol vi p 313

" He bends the luscious cane and twists the string
" With bees how sweet, but ah ! how keen the sting !
" He with five flowrets tips thy ruthless darts,
" Which thro five senses pierce enraptur d hearts

A T

TO ———

THE dew that sits upon the rose
The brilliant hue beneath it shows;
Nor can it hide the velvet dye
O'er which it glitters tremblingly.
The fine-wove veil thrown o'er thy face,
Betrays its bloom—thro' it we trace
A loveliness, tho' veil'd, reveal'd,
Too bright to be by ought conceal'd.

C. T.

SONG

To sit beside a chrystal spring,
Cool'd by the passing zephyr's wing,
And bend my every thought to thee,
Is life, is bliss, is ecstacy!

And as within that spring I trace
Each line, each feature of my face;
The faithful mirror tells me true—
It tells me that I think of *you!*

A. T.

THE OAK OF THE NORTH

"Quæ quantum vertice ad auras
"Æthereas, tantum radice in Tartara tendit,
"Ergo non hyemes illam, non flabra, neque imbres
"Convellunt; immota manet, multosque nepotes
"Multa virum volvens durando sæcula vincit."

VIRGIL.

THOU forest lord! whose deathless arms
Full many an age of rolling time
Have mock'd the madness of the storms,
Unfaded in thy shadowy prime
Thou livest still—and still shalt stay,
Tho' the destroying tyrant bow
The temple, and the tower, and lay
The pomp and pride of empires low.
And if thy stately form be riven
And blasted by the fiery levin,

Still dost thou give that giant front,
Undaunted, to the pitiless brunt
  Of angry winds, that vainly rave;
And, like the scars by battle graven
  Upon the bosoms of the brave,
The tokens of resistless heaven
  Deep in thy rugged breast are seen,
  The marks of frays that once have been;
  The lightning's stroke, the whirlwind's force,
  Have marr'd thee in their furious course,
But they have left thee unsubdu'd;
  And if they bend thy crest awhile,
Thou dost arise in might renew'd,
  Tameless in undiminish'd toil,
Singly against an hostile host
  Contending, like th' immortal king,
Who quell'd the Titans' impious boast
    With thunder, tho' he stood alone
    Defender of his starry throne,
    Dashing th' aspiring mountains down,
  Dark Ossa, like a powerless thing,
And Pelion with his nodding pines;
  Then bound with adamantine chains,
Where the glad sunlight never shines,
  The earth-born in eternal pains.

Of many who were born with thee,
  Scarce now a thought survives to tell;
War hath ta'en some—their memory
  But faintly lives of those who fell:
Even the conqueror's glorious name
  That boasts a life beyond the tomb,
Borne on the wings of rushing fame,
  May bow before the common doom,
Before the measure of its praise
Hath fill'd thy multitude of days.

And ere the poet's hallow'd star,
  Refulgent o'er his voiceless urn,
Glance thro' the gloom of years so far,
  Its living fires may cease to burn.
Thy mere existence shall be more
  Than others' immortality;
The spirits of the great, who bore
  A sway on earth, and still would be
Remember'd, when they are not seen,
  Shall die like echoes on the wind,
Nor leave of all that they have been
  In living hearts one thrill behind;
Their very names shall be forgot,
Ancient of days! ere thou art not.

The druid's mystic harp, that hung
  So long upon thy stormy boughs,
Mute as its master's magic tongue,
  Who slumbereth in that deep repose,
No earthly sound shall wake again,
  Nor glare of sacrificial fire,
Nor howl of victims in their pain,
  Or the weird priestess in her ire,
Hath mingled with th' oblivious dust
  Of him who called its spirit forth,
In those prophetic tones which hush'd
  The enraptur'd children of the north,
Binding them with a holy fear,
And smiting each enchanted ear
With such a sound as seem'd to raise
The hidden forms of future days:
Sleep on!—no Roman foe alarms
  Your rest; and over ye shall wave
A guardian God's protecting arms,
  And flowers shall deck your grassy grave!

And he who gazeth on thee now,
  Ere long shall lie as low as they;
The daring heart, the intrepid brow,
Not long can feel youth's joyous glow,
  The strength of life must soon decay.

A few short years fleet swiftly by,
And rayless is the sparkling eye,
Mute the stern voice of high command,
And still oppression's iron hand;
The lords of earth shall waste away
Beneath the worm, and many a day
Of wintry frost and summer sun,
Ere yet thy number'd hours be done;
For thou art green and flourishing,
The mountain-forest's stately king,
Unshaken as the granite stone
That stands thine everlasting throne.

There was a tower, whose haughty head
  Erewhile rose darkly by thy side,
But they are number'd with the dead,
  Who rul'd within its place of pride;
For time and overwhelming war
  Have crumbled it, and overthrown
Bulwark, and battlement, and bar,
  Column, and arch, and sculptur'd stone;
  Around thy base are rudely strewn
The tokens of departed power,
  The wrecks of unrecorded fame
Lie mouldering in the frequent shower:
  But thou art there, the very same

As when those hearts, which now are cold,
First beat in triumph to behold
The shadow of its form, which fell
At distance o'er the darken'd dell.
No more the battle's black array
Shall sternly meet the rising day;
No beacon-fire's disastrous light
Flame fiercely in the perilous night.
Forgotten is that fortress now,
Deserted is the feudal hall,
But here and there the red flowers blow
Upon its bare and broken wall.
And ye may hear the night-wind moan
Thro' shatter'd hearths with moss o'ergrown,
Wild grasses wave above the gate;
And where the trumpets sung at morn,
The tuneless night-bird dwells forlorn,
And the unanswer'd ravens prate,
Till silence is more desolate.
For thou hast heard the clarion's breath
Pour from thy heights its blast of death,
While gathering multitudes replied
Defiance with a shout that hurl'd
Back on their foes the curse of pride,
And bended bows, and flags unfurl'd;

And swiftly from the hollow vale
Their arrowy vengeance glanc'd, like hail,
What time some fearless son of war,
Emerging to the upper air,
Gain'd the arm'd steep's embattled brows,
  Thro' angry swords around him waving,
Mid the leagu'd thousands of his foes,
  Their fury like a lion braving:
And faster than the summer rain
Stream'd forth the life-blood of the slain,
Whom civil hate and feudal power
Mingled in that tempestuous hour,
Steeping thy sinewy roots, that drew
Fresh vigour from that deadly dew,
And still shall live—tho' monarchs fail;
  And those who waged the battle then
Are made the marvel of a tale,
  To warm the hearts of future men.
On such a sight did Cambria gaze,
  When Freedom on that dismal day
Saw Edward's haughty banners blaze
  Triumphant, and the dread array
In the deep vales beneath her gleam,
  Then started from her ancient throne,
That mighty song could not redeem
  From ruthless hands and hearts of stone.

While ages yield their fleeting breath,
  Art thou the only living thing
On earth, which all-consuming death
  Blasts not with his destroying wing?
No! thou shalt die!—tho' gloriously
  Those proud arms beat the azure air,
Some hour in Time's dark womb shall see
  The strength they boast no longer there.
Tho' to thy life, as to thy God's,
  Unnumber'd years are as a day,
When He, who is eternal, nods,
  Thy mortal strength must pass away.
Unconquer'd Fate, with viewless hand,
  Hath mark'd the moment of thy doom,
For He, who could create, hath spann'd
  Thy being, and its hour shall come:
Some thunderbolt more dread than all
  That ever scath'd thee with their fire,
Arm'd with the force of heaven, shall fall
  Upon thee, and thou shalt expire!
Or age, that curbs a giant's might,
  Shall bow thee down and fade thy bloom,
The last of all, the bitterest blight
  That chills our hearts, except the tomb.
And then thou canst but faintly strive
  Against the foes thou hast defied,

Returning spring shall not revive
  The beauty of thy summer pride;
And the green earth no more shall sleep
  Beneath thy dark and stilly shade,
Where silvery dews were wont to weep,
  And the red day-beam never stray'd,
But flow'rets of the tenderest hue,
  That live not in the garish noon,
Pale violets of an heavenly blue,
  Unfaded by the sultry sun,
Unwearied by the blasts that shook
  Thy lofty head, securely throve,
Nor heeded in that grassy nook
  The ceaseless wars that raged above.
The revelling elves at noon of night
  Shall throng no more beneath thy boughs,
When moon-beams shed a solemn light,
  And every star intensely glows;
No verdant canopy shall screen
  From view the orgies of their race,
But the blue heaven's unclouded sheen
  Shall pierce their secret dwelling-place.
Tho' now the lavrock pours at morn,
  Shrin'd in thy leaves, his rapturous lay,
Then shall the meanest songster scorn
  To hail thee, as he wings his way.

The troubled eagle, when he flies
  Before the lightnings, and the wrath
Of gathering winds and stormy skies,
  That darken o'er his cloudy path,
With ruffled breast and angry eye
  Shall pass thee, and descend in haste
Amid the sheltering bowers that lie
  Far down beneath the rolling blast.
Thine awful voice, that swells on high
  Above the rushing of the north,
Above the thunders of the sky,
  When midnight hurricanes come forth,
Like some fall'n conqueror's, who bewails
  His laurels torn, his humbled fame,
Shall murmur to the passing gales
  At once thy glory and thy shame!

F. T.

EXHORTATION TO THE GREEKS

"En illa, illa quam sæpe optastis, libertas!"
SALLUST.

AROUSE thee, O Greece! and remember the day,
When the millions of Xerxes were quell'd on their
way!
Arouse thee, O Greece! let the pride of thy name
Awake in thy bosom the light of thy fame!
Why hast thou shone in the temple of glory?
Why hast thou blaz'd in those annals of fame?
For know, that the former bright page of thy story
Proclaims but thy bondage and tells but thy
shame:
Proclaims from how high thou art fallen!—how low
Thou art plung'd in the dark gulf of thraldom and
woe!
Arouse thee, O Greece! from the weight of thy
slumbers!
The chains are upon thee!—arise from thy sleep!
Remember the time, when nor nations nor numbers
Could break thy thick phalanx embodied and
deep.

Old Athens and Sparta remember the morning,
When the swords of the Grecians were red to the hilt:
And, the bright gem of conquest her chaplet adorning,
Platæa rejoic'd at the blood that ye spilt!
Remember the night, when, in shrieks of affright,
The fleets of the East in your ocean were sunk:
Remember each day, when, in battle array,
From the fountain of glory how largely ye drunk!
For there is not ought that a freeman can fear,
As the fetters of insult, the name of a slave;
And there is not a voice to a nation so dear,
As the war-song of freedom that calls on the brave.

A. T.

KING CHARLES'S VISION

[A Vision somewhat resembling the following, and prophetic of the Northern Alexander, is said to have been witnessed by Charles XI. of Sweden, the antagonist of Sigismund. The reader will exclaim, "Credat Judæus Apella!"]

KING Charles was sitting all alone,
  In his lonely palace-tower,
When there came on his ears a heavy groan,
  At the silent midnight hour.

He turn'd him round where he heard the sound,
  But nothing might he see;
And he only heard the nightly bird
  That shriek'd right fearfully.

He turn'd him round where he heard the sound,
  To his casement's arched frame;
"And he was aware of a light that was there,"*
  But he wist not whence it came.

* "And he was aware of a Grey-friar."
The Grey Brother.

"And he was aware of a knight that was there."
The Baron of Smalhome.

He looked forth into the night,
'Twas calm as night might be;
But broad and bright the flashing light
Stream'd red and radiantly.

From ivory sheath his trusty brand
Of stalwart steel he drew;
And he rais'd the lamp in his better hand,
But its flame was dim and blue.

And he open'd the door of that palace-tower,
But harsh turn'd the jarring key:
"By the Virgin's might," cried the king that night,
"All is not as it should be!"

Slow turn'd the door of the crazy tower,
And slowly again did it close;
And within and without, and all about,
A sound of voices rose.

The king he stood in dreamy mood,
For the voices his name did call;
Then on he past, till he came at last
To the pillar'd audience-hall.

Eight and forty columns wide,
Many and carv'd and tall,
(Four and twenty on each side)
Stand in that lordly hall.

The king had been pight* in the mortal fight,
And struck the deadly blow;
The king he had strode in the red red blood,
Often, afore, and now:

Yet his heart had ne'er been so harrow'd with fear
As it was this fearful hour;
For his eyes were not dry, and his hair stood on high,
And his soul had lost its power.

For a blue livid flame, round the hall where he came,
In fiery circles ran;
And sounds of death, and chattering teeth,
And gibbering tongues began.

He saw four and twenty statesmen old
Round a lofty table sit;
And each in his hand did a volume hold,
Wherein mighty things were writ.

In burning steel were their limbs all cas'd;
On their cheeks was the flush of ire:
Their armour was brac'd, and their helmets were lac'
And their hollow eyes darted fire.

* "A hideous rock is PIGHT
"Of mighty magnes-stone.'
SPENSER.

"You vile abominable tents,
"Thus proudly PIGHT upon our Phrygian plains!"
SHAKESPEARE.

With sceptre of might, and with gold crown bright,
And locks like the raven's wing,
And in regal state at that board there sate
The likeness of a king.

With crimson ting'd, and with ermine fring'd,
And with jewels spangled o'er,
And rich as the beam of the sun on the stream,
A sparkling robe he wore.*

Yet though fair shone the gem on his proud diadem,
Though his robe was jewell'd o'er,
Though brilliant the vest on his mailed breast,
Yet they all were stain'd with gore!

* This is, perhaps, an unpardonable falsehood, since it is well known that Charles was so great an enemy to finery as even to object to the appearance of the Duke of Marlborough on that account. Let those readers, therefore, whose critical nicety this passage offends, substitute the following stanza, which is "the whole truth, and nothing but the truth":

With buttons of brass that glitter'd like glass,
And brows that were crown'd with bays,
With large blue coat, and with black jack-boot,
The theme of his constant praise.

Nothing indeed could exceed Charles's affection for his boots: he eat, drank, and slept in them: nay, he never went on a bootless errand. When the dethroned monarch Augustus waited upon him with proposals of peace, Charles entertained him with a long dissertation on his unparalleled aforesaid jack-boots: he even went so far as to threaten (according to Voltaire), in an authoritative epistle to the senate at Stockholm, that unless they proved less refractory, he would send them one of his boots as regent! Now this, we must allow, was a step beyond Caligula's consul.

And his eye darted ire, and his glance shot fire,
And his look was high command;
And each, when he spoke, struck his mighty bool
And rais'd his shadowy hand.

And a headman stood by, with his axe on high,
And quick was his ceaseless stroke;
And loud was the shock on the echoing block,
As the steel shook the solid oak.

While short and thick came the mingled shriek
Of the wretches who died by his blow;
And fast fell each head on the pavement red,
And warm did the life-blood flow.

Said the earthly king to the ghostly king,
"What fearful sights are those?"
Said the ghostly king to the earthly king,
"They are signs of future woes!"

Said the earthly king to the ghostly king,
"By St. Peter, who art thou?"
Said the ghostly king to the earthly king,
"I shall be, but I am not now."

Said the earthly king to the ghostly king,
"But when will thy time draw nigh?"
"Oh! the sixth after thee will a warrior be,
"And that warrior am I.

"And the lords of the earth shall be pale at my birth,
"And conquest shall hover o'er me;
"And the kingdoms shall shake, and the nations shall quake,
"And the thrones fall down before me.

"And Cracow shall bend to my majesty,
"And the haughty Dane shall bow;
"And the Pole shall fly from my piercing eye,
"And the scowl of my clouded brow.

"And around my way shall the hot balls play,
"And the red-tongued flames arise;
"And my pathway shall be on the midnight sea,
"'Neath the frown of the wintry skies.

"Thro' narrow pass, over dark morass,
"And the waste of the weary plain,
"Over ice and snow, where the dark streams flow,
"Thro' the woods of the wild Ukraine.

"And though sad be the close of my life and my
woes,
"And the hand that shall slay me unshown;
"Yet in every clime, thro' the lapse of all time,
"Shall my glorious conquests be known.

"And blood shall be shed, and the earth shall be red
"With the gore of misery;
"And swift as this flame shall the light of my fame
"O'er the world as brightly fly."

As the monarch spoke, crew the morning cock,
When all that pageant bright,
And the glitter of gold, and the statesmen old,
Fled into the gloom of night!

A. T.

ADDITIONAL POEMS

I

COME hither, can'st thou tell me if this skull
Which I thus handle was the bold Turenne?
Or is thine intellect so dense and dull
Thou dost not know it by its marks? What then?

2

Death levels all. The crown, the crimson'd flags,
The scutcheons of the mighty rob'd in black,
Are no more in Death's eye than those poor rags
Which the wind sports with on the beggar's back.

3

When the great Henri from his tomb was rais'd,
The jest of all the rabble that stood by,
He, whose bright fame so brilliantly had blaz'd,
The star, the meteor of his century,

4

That glorious monarch, at whose nod the throne
Of Empire totter'd to its base, was brought
And rear'd before the people on a stone
To work them sport (Oh! souls without a thought

5

Save the blind impulse of the brutal zeal
Which urges the mad populace to vent
Upon the breathless dead that cannot feel,
The fury of their senseless chastisement).

6

There came a woman from the crowd and smote
The corpse upon the cheek: to earth it fell,
That eye was dim, that glorious tongue was mute,
The soul had fled its cold receptacle.

A. T.

THE DYING MAN TO HIS FRIEND

FARE thee well! for I am parting
  To the realms of endless bliss;
Why is thus thy full tear starting?
  There's a world more bright than this.

Fare thee well! my soul is fleeting
  To the radiant realms of day;
Hark! what airy tongues repeating,
  "Why so long on earth delay?"

Though we part, 'tis not for ever,
  Why that sad and rayless eye?
What though here in grief we sever,
  'Tis to meet again on high;

When a few short years are over
  Thou must lie as low as I.
Brother, parent, son, and lover,
  Friend or foe alike must die.

When the pang of Death shall seize thee,
  And the dying hour of pain,
This fond thought alone shall ease thee,
  That in heaven we meet again.

Then my shade shall hover o'er thee,
  Shew thee visions of the blest,
Smooth the path to Heaven before thee,
  Lead thee to eternal rest.

Other worlds are opening on me,
  Now my course on earth is done;
Holy Jesus! look upon me,
  Holy Father, take thy son.

A. T.

Q. UNHAPPY man, why wander there,
For bleak the northwinds blow,
nd cold and bitter is the air,
And falls the driving snow?

A. Oh! murky, murky is the night,
And darksome is the Lea,
And there is not a ray of light,
But it's all the same to me.

The sultry noon, the freezing night,
The storm-tost winter sea,
The halls of luxury, beaming bright,
Are all the same to me.

Whether in Afric's scorching clime,
Or Lapland's wilds I flee,
I heed not season, place, or time,
They're all the same to me.

For all my hopes on earth are crost
  With baleful misery,
And all my goods on earth are lost,
  So it's all the same to me.

I have no home where I may go,
  Despair alone I see,
And grief on grief and woe on woe
  Are all the same to me.

Then tell me not that from the storm
  And whirlwind I should flee;
Beat on upon this shatter'd form,
  'Tis all the same to me.

A. T.

WRITTEN DURING THE CONVULSIONS IN SPAIN

"Cantabrum indoctum juga ferre."—HORACE.

ROUS'D is thy spirit now,
Spain of the lofty brow!
   Streams o'er thy campaign the far-flashing glaive:
Sweetly may Freedom's rays
Smile on thy future days,
   Smile on the hopes of the young and the brave!

Fresh be their tombs who fall,
Green be they one and all,
   There may the red rose and wild laurel wave!
There may the sunbeams glance,
There may the maidens dance,
   There may the olive bend over their grave!

Bright be their bays who live,
Bright as all Earth can give,
   Fair be their deeds in the annals of fame!

Strong be their arm in war,
Brilliant their glory's star,
  Fierce be their valour and fearful their name!

Hark! to the trumpet's bray!
Hark! to the charger's neigh,
  Be your death-blows as keen as your bosoms
    are bold!
O'er your glorious array,
As ye rush on your way,
  May the broad flag of liberty proudly unfold!

Wake, Pampeluna, wake!
Rouse thee for freedom's sake!
  Rouse for the wail and the lone widow's sigh!
Rise, Saragossa, rise!
Hark to the battle-cries,
  Pealing sonorous along thy blue sky!

Rouse thee, Valladolid;
Where are thine heroes hid?
  Arm them for combat and shout, "*To the fight!*"
Shake the throne of thy Lord
To its base with their sword,
  So, on to the combat, and God help the right!

A. T.

TIMBUCTOO

By A. TENNYSON

OF TRINITY COLLEGE

1829

"Deep in that lion-haunted inland lies
A mystic city, goal of high emprise."

CHAPMAN.

TIMBUCTOO

I STOOD upon the Mountain which o'erlooks
The narrow seas, whose rapid interval
Parts Afric from green Europe, when the Sun
Had fall'n below th' Atlantic, and above
The silent heavens were blench'd with faery light,
Uncertain whether faery light or cloud,
Flowing Southward, and the chasms of deep, deep
blue
Slumber'd unfathomable, and the stars
Were flooded over with clear glory and pale.
I gazed upon the sheeny coast beyond,
There where the Giant of old Time infix'd
The limits of his prowess, pillars high
Long time erased from earth. even as the Sea
When weary of wild inroad buildeth up
Huge mounds whereby to stay his yeasty waves.
And much I mused on legends quaint and old
Which whilome won the hearts of all on earth
Toward their brightness, ev'n as flame draws air;

But had their being in the heart of man
As air is th' life of flame: and thou wert then
A center'd glory-circled memory,
Divinest Atalantis, whom the waves
Have buried deep, and thou of later name,
Imperial Eldorado, roof'd with gold:
Shadows to which, despite all shocks of change,
All on-set of capricious accident,
Men clung with yearning hope which would not die.
As when in some great city where the walls
Shake, and the streets with ghastly faces throng'd,
Do utter forth a subterranean voice,
Among the inner columns far retired
At midnight, in the lone Acropolis,
Before the awful Genius of the place
Kneels the pale Priestess in deep faith, the while
Above her head the weak lamp dips and winks
Unto the fearful summoning without:
Nathless she ever clasps the marble knees,
Bathes the cold hands with tears, and gazeth on
Those eyes which wear no light but that wherewith
Her phantasy informs them.

Where are ye,
Thrones of the Western wave, fair Islands green?
Where are your moonlight halls, your cedarn glooms,
The blossoming abysses of your hills?

Your flowering capes, and your gold-sanded bays
Blown round with happy airs of odorous winds?
Where are the infinite ways, which, seraph-trod,
Wound thro' your great Elysian solitudes,
Whose lowest deeps were, as with visible love,
Fill'd with Divine effulgence, circumfused,
Flowing between the clear and polish'd stems,
And ever circling round their emerald cones
In coronals and glories, such as gird
The unfading foreheads of the Saints in Heaven?
For nothing visible, they say, had birth
In that blest ground, but it was play'd about
With its peculiar glory. Then I raised
My voice and cried, "Wide Afric, doth thy Sun
Lighten, thy hills enfold a city as fair
As those which starr'd the night o' the elder world?
Or is the rumour of thy Timbuctoo
A dream as frail as those of ancient time?"
A curve of whitening, flashing, ebbing light!
A rustling of white wings! the bright descent
Of a young Seraph! and he stood beside me
There on the ridge, and look'd into my face
With his unutterable, shining orbs.
So that with hasty motion I did veil
My vision with both hands, and saw before me
Such colour'd spots as dance athwart the eyes

Of those, that gaze upon the noonday Sun.
Girt with a zone of flashing gold beneath
His breast, and compass'd round about his brow
With triple arch of everchanging bows,
And circled with the glory of living light
And alternation of all hues, he stood.
"O child of man, why muse you here alone
Upon the Mountain, on the dreams of old
Which fill'd the earth with passing loveliness,
Which flung strange music on the howling winds,
And odours rapt from remote Paradise?
Thy sense is clogg'd with dull mortality;
Thy spirit fetter'd with the bond of clay:
Open thine eyes and see."
I look'd, but not
Upon his face, for it was wonderful
With its exceeding brightness, and the light
Of the great Angel Mind which look'd from out
The starry glowing of his restless eyes.
I felt my soul grow mighty, and my spirit
With supernatural excitation bound
Within me, and my mental eye grew large
With such a vast circumference of thought
That in my vanity I seem'd to stand
Upon the outward verge and bound alone
Of full beatitude. Each failing sense,

As with a momentary flash of light,
Grew thrillingly distinct and keen. I saw
The smallest grain that dappled the dark earth,
The indistinctest atom in deep air,
The Moon's white cities, and the opal width
Of her small glowing lakes, her silver heights
Unvisited with dew of vagrant cloud,
And the unsounded, undescended depth
Of her black hollows. The clear galaxy
Shorn of its hoary lustre, wonderful,
Distinct and vivid with sharp points of light,
Blaze within blaze, an unimagin'd depth
And harmony of planet-girded suns
And moon-encircled planets, wheel in wheel,
Arch'd the wan sapphire. Nay—the hum of men,
Or other things talking in unknown tongues,
And notes of busy life in distant worlds
Beat like a far wave on my anxious ear.

A maze of piercing, trackless, thrilling thoughts,
Involving and embracing each with each,
Rapid as fire, inextricably link'd,
Expanding momently with every sight
And sound which struck the palpitating sense,
The issue of strong impulse, hurried through
The riven rapt brain; as when in some large lake
From pressure of descendant crags; which lapse

Disjointed, crumbling from their parent slope
At slender interval, the level calm
Is ridg'd with restless and increasing spheres
Which break upon each other, each th' effect
Of separate impulse, but more fleet and strong
Than its precursor, till the eye in vain
Amid the wild unrest of swimming shade
Dappled with hollow and alternate rise
Of interpenetrated arc, would scan
Definite round.

I know not if I shape
These things with accurate similitude
From visible objects, for but dimly now,
Less vivid than a half-forgotten dream,
The memory of that mental excellence
Comes o'er me, and it may be I entwine
The indecision of my present mind
With its past clearness, yet it seems to me
As even then the torrent of quick thought
Absorbed me from the nature of itself
With its own fleetness. Where is he, that borne
Adown the sloping of an arrowy stream,
Could link his shallop to the fleeting edge,
And muse midway with philosophic calm
Upon the wondrous laws which regulate
The fierceness of the bounding element?

My thoughts which long had grovell'd in the slime
Of this dull world, like dusky worms which house
Beneath unshaken waters, but at once
Upon some earth-awakening day of Spring
Dô pass from gloom to glory, and aloft
Winnow the purple, bearing on both sides
Double display of star-lit wings, which burn
Fan-like and fibred with intensest bloom;
Ev'n so my thoughts, erewhile so low, now felt
Unutterable buoyancy and strength
To bear them upward through the trackless fields
Of undefin'd existence far and free.
Then first within the South methought I saw
A wilderness of spires, and chrystal pile
Of rampart upon rampart, dome on dome,
Illimitable range of battlement
On battlement, and the Imperial height
Of canopy o'ercanopied.
Behind
In diamond light upsprung the dazzling peaks
Of Pyramids, as far surpassing earth's
As heaven than earth is fairer. Each aloft
Upon his narrow'd eminence bore globes
Of wheeling suns, or stars, or semblances
Of either, showering circular abyss
Of radiance. But the glory of the place

Stood out a pillar'd front of burnish'd gold,
Interminably high, if gold it were
Or metal more etherial, and beneath
Two doors of blinding brilliance, where no gaze
Might rest, stood open, and the eye could scan,
Through length of porch and valve and boundless hall,
Part of a throne of fiery flame, wherefrom
The snowy skirting of a garment hung,
And glimpse of multitudes of multitudes
That minister'd around it—if I saw
These things distinctly, for my human brain
Stagger'd beneath the vision, and thick night
Came down upon my eyelids, and I fell.

With ministering hand he raised me up:
Then with a mournful and ineffable smile,
Which but to look on for a moment fill'd
My eyes with irresistible sweet tears,
In accents of majestic melody,
Like a swoln river's gushings in still night
Mingled with floating music, thus he spake:

"There is no mightier Spirit than I to sway
The heart of man: and teach him to attain
By shadowing forth the Unattainable;
And step by step to scale that mighty stair
Whose landing-place is wrapt about with clouds

Of glory' of heaven.* With earliest light of Spring,
And in the glow of sallow Summertide,
And in red Autumn when the winds are wild
With gambols, and when full-voiced Winter roofs
The headland with inviolate white snow,
I play about his heart a thousand ways,
Visit his eyes with visions, and his ears
With harmonies of wind and wave and wood,
—Of winds which tell of waters, and of waters
Betraying the close kisses of the wind—
And win him unto me: and few there be
So gross of heart who have not felt and known
A higher than they see: They with dim eyes
Behold me darkling. Lo! I have given thee
To understand my presence, and to feel
My fulness; I have fill'd thy lips with power.
I have raised thee nigher to the spheres of heaven
Man's first, last home: and thou with ravish'd sense
Listenest the lordly music flowing from
Th' illimitable years. I am the Spirit,
The permeating life which courseth through
All th' intricate and labyrinthine veins
Of the great vine of Fable, which, outspread
With growth of shadowing leaf and clusters rare,
Reacheth to every corner under heaven,

* "Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect."

Deep-rooted in the living soil of truth;
So that men's hopes and fears take refuge in
The fragrance of its complicated glooms,
And cool impleachèd twilights Child of man,
See'st thou yon river, whose translucent wave,
Forth issuing from the darkness, windeth through
The argent streets o' th' city, imaging
The soft inversion of her tremulous domes,
Her gardens frequent with the stately palm,
Her pagods hung with music of sweet bells,
Her obelisks of rangèd chrysolite,
Minarets and towers? Lo! how he passeth by,
And gulphs himself in sands, as not enduring
To carry through the world those waves, which
    bore
The reflex of my city in their depths.
Oh city! oh latest throne! where I was raised
To be a mystery of loveliness
Unto all eyes, the time is well-nigh come
When I must render up this glorious home
To keen Discovery: soon yon brilliant towers
Shall darken with the waving of her wand;
Darken, and shrink and shiver into huts,
Black specks amid a waste of dreary sand,
Low-built, mud-wall'd, barbarian settlements.
How chang'd from this fair city!".

Thus far the Spirit:
Then parted heaven-ward on the wing: and I
Was left alone on Calpe, and the moon
Had fallen from the night, and all was dark!

THE END

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